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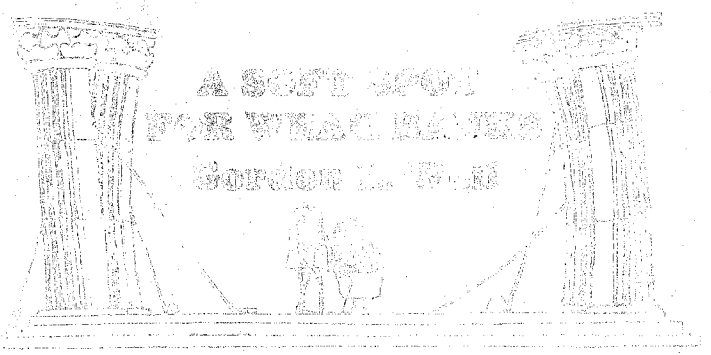

Diplomat, Washington Star

FALLOUT OF BRIBERY
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LETTERS

debate on Israel

New York City

I wonder who the "we" is in Prof. Irene Gendzier's "The Israeli Debate We Never Hear" [*The Nation*, Feb. 14]. Certainly not the readers of the Zionist press in this country. Whatever their opinion may be on the question of the Palestinians, it is based on a knowledge of the varying opinions current in Israel. Each month the *Hadassah Magazine* publishes a digest of both the Hebrew and the Arab press, in addition to frequent articles on the subject of the Palestinians.

One article in particular comes to mind because it was prepared by the Information Department of the World Zionist Organization and circulated to the Zionist press throughout the world. Under the heading of "Israel Debates the Palestine Question," WZO sent us extensive quotations from a score of Israeli personalities with varying views including several radical doves such as Uri Avneri. We published it in November 1974. . . .

Professor Gendzier is obviously unfamiliar with the Zionist press in this country. . . . One out of every three or four adult American Jews read the *Hadassah Magazine* each month. They are much more familiar with the Israeli debate on the Palestinian question than Professor Gendzier.

Jesse Zel Lurie, Executive Editor
Hadassah Magazine

Boston, Mass.

Mr. Lurie's letter only emphasizes the severity of the problems discussed in my article. Let me first clarify a number of points in his letter:

(*1*) The "we" in the title of my article refers to all Americans, Jews and non-Jews, who have an interest in Israel and the Middle East, and who have the right to be informed about the nature of the current debate taking place in Israel on the question of future relations with the Palestinians and the PLO.

(*2*) Mr. Lurie's audience is not the same. The "we" he is talking about seems to be made up of "the readers of the Zionist press in this country."

(*3*) Even restricting myself to Mr. Lurie's readership, I contend, contrary to his claims, that American Zionists, including readers of *Hadassah Magazine*, of course, are *not* well informed. I also contend that the general public is poorly informed, and that it is exposed to a biased and limited picture of Israeli political life. (That was precisely the point of my article.)

(*4*) If Mr. Lurie's contention is correct, why are American Zionists who are knowledgeable about the true nature of the Israeli discourse on the Palestinians so reluctant to allow the same breadth of discussion to take place among Jews in the United States, and in the public at large? Why is it that such staunch Zionist organizations as the B'nai B'rith, for instance, intervene in invitations to prominent Israelis visiting the United States, and attempt to prevent them from speaking before Jewish audiences? I am thinking of such attempts in the case of the "radical dove," to use Mr. Lurie's term, Uri Avneri, and the nonradical dove, ex-Gen. M. Peled, to name but two well-known figures. These are but a few examples of a much broader kind of censorship aimed at silencing any meaningful opposition to the hard-line stand of the Zionist lobby in this country.

(*5*) Furthermore, it is precisely as a result of reading *Hadassah Magazine* that American Zionists are so ill-informed about the issues being debated and the debate itself. In the November 1974 issue cited by Mr. Lurie, for example, readers have far more to contend with than the article on the Palestine debate. They will read a paternalistic and racist article on an Israeli village by Ms. Lynne Banks, and they will have the chance to ponder the comments of the editors in the "Editorial Wrapup," which reaffirms the

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EDITORIALS

Covens, Not Covenants

Just one day before Secretary of State Kissinger signed a "memorandum of understanding" with the right-wing military government of Brazil, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization went quietly out of business. The coincidence is almost too apt to be true. The relic of one era of pactomania slides into obscurity as a new period of American alliances begins. The new set of American "understandings," as the new lingo has it, are with what might be called the technocratic rightist powers of the world—Brazil, Iran and South Africa, among others.

There is a certain grim comedy in the coincidence of SEATO's disappearance on the eve of Kissinger's warm embrace of the Brazilian military dictators. At the last rites for SEATO, a pact proclaimed in 1954 in Manila by the likes of John Foster Dulles as a way to "stem the tide of communism in Asia," an ensign (yes, an ensign) in the U.S. Navy led the twenty-five man American contingent at the final ceremonies of an organization that had long ago expired, along with its grandiose purposes. The burial of old treaties is a low-level affair. New ones get the attention of the highest brass.

Hear now the words of Henry A. Kissinger, representing the might and majesty of the United States as it linked itself in an "understanding" with the harshly repressive regime of Brazil's President, Gen. Ernesto Geisel: "There are no two peoples whose concern for human dignity and for the basic values of man is more profound in day-to-day life than Brazil and the United States." Perhaps the U.S. Secretary of State meant that the unpleasant realities of the Brazilian torture chambers occur in a week-to-week or month-to-month cycle. Actually, this brutal regime has been in power for twelve years, so perhaps the rhythm he had in mind was year to year.

A few popularly elected governments still prevail in Latin America, despite the trend toward despotisms which the United States has helped along, and after leaving Brazil Kissinger made the mistake (from the point of view of his *amour propre*) of visiting one of them, Colombia. There, where the Secretary of State was fiddling with the problem of cocaine exports from Colombia, its President, Alfonso Lopez Michelsen, delivered a frank lecture on independence, democracy and national pride while Kissinger sat beside him impassively (one would like to think that he was embarrassed). "Colombia," said Lopez, "does not have to go on its knees before the United States or any other country in Latin America." He refused to condemn Cuban intervention in the Angolan fighting with the just remark that it was "not the first time that one of the countries of the hemisphere has intervened outside the hemisphere," an obvious reference to the U.S. involvement in Indochina. And the Colombian President expressed apprehension about the agreement Kissinger had just made with the authoritarian government of Brazil. For an official with a thinner skin than Kissinger's it would have been an uncomfortable moment as he recalled his earlier statement that the United States would not "tolerate" any future Cuban expeditionary forces.

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Lopez's statements were a clear rebuff to Kissinger and all that he and the country he, unfortunately, represents now stand for.

The word from Washington is that Kissinger was all set to add Chile to his itinerary for this South American swing (his first in two years), but that he was finally persuaded that an official visit to an even more ruffianly gang than Brazil's junta was a poor idea. Perhaps he decided that showing his face and the U.S. flag in Santiago was not necessary at this point because U.S. bankers are doing such an excellent job of showing American support for the government of General Pinochet.

Given the basic, and thoroughly wrong, policy of the U.S. Government toward South America, there is nothing Kissinger can do but go about the continent cementing ties with the rightist governments our benighted policies have helped to put in place. The price of these bad arrangements with the reactionaries will be paid in the future when the inevitable social and political upheavals take place. There is no way this country can develop healthy relations with Latin America without a drastic change in our policy.

That would mean, in the first place, abandoning the notion that we can or should exercise any kind of hegemony over that great and growing continent. And it would include recognizing Panama's sovereignty in the Canal Zone, along with the legitimacy of Cuba's socialist government, whatever we think of Castro. It must also involve an admission that we were wrong, tragically wrong, to intervene systematically and destructively in the politics of Chile. But how could the Secretary of State who personally approved "Tracks I and II" against the government of President Allende do that or any of the other things that are needed to restore decent and fruitful relations between the United States and Latin America?

Hence the repellent charade Kissinger inspired and took part in at Brasilia. Last week in these pages we speculated on the high cost of Kissinger's staying in office, to himself and to the country. Half in jest, we concluded that it might just be worth the cost to have him remain there and "suffer," if there were a chance that he could bring off a new agreement on strategic arms limitation with Moscow. But his performance in Latin America and the spreading pattern of agreements with the brutal rightists of the world lead to the conclusion that we would be far better off without him and his reactionary kind. That, of course, implies a new government and a new foreign policy for the United States, and there can be no hope of that until after the national elections in November.

The 'Sweetener'

When President Ford announced his plan to control this country's intelligence "community," he threw in a libertarian-sounding "sweetener" which has received almost no notice. He said that he was rescinding the 1942 Executive Order under which some 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry were uprooted from their homes and herded by the Army into concentration camps called "relocation centers." Commenting on "the tragedy of that long-ago experience," Mr. Ford pledged the government "to resolve that this kind of error shall never be made again."

Americans are therefore presumably supposed to feel

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better about the dubious Ford "reform" proposals which, in the words of *The New York Times* summary (February 22), "give intelligence agencies a clear legal basis for some domestic activities that, when conducted in the past, have been done either illegally or with questionable authority." This bracketing of the Ford intelligence plan with the erasure of a truly dreadful wartime Executive action is a kind of unconscious tip-off to the real purpose of the Presidential action. It is meant to remove, at least in appearance, some of the worst capabilities of the government to interfere with the liberties of the American people, while codifying and legitimizing other actions to which a free people should not be subjected. Congress, as we remarked editorially last week, cannot let it go at that and must pass a serious and comprehensive measure to bring the business of intelligence back under proper control.

Mr. Ford's action on the Japanese exclusion matter will hardly expunge the shameful memory of Executive Order No. 9066 by which, on February 19, 1942, President Roosevelt, on the ground of "military necessity," authorized the Army to remove 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry from their homes and livelihoods on the West Coast and "relocate" them into the country's interior, lest they help a Japanese invasion which the military claimed it expected.

The whole business was a scandal and an outrage and, needless to say, completely unnecessary. It was pure racism and, apart from the suffering of the Japanese-Americans themselves, it set a dangerous precedent for Executive and military action in times of "crisis." That respectable old conservative, Henry L. Stimson, FDR's Secretary of War, privately thought that the Japanese exclusion order "would make a tremendous hole in our constitutional system." Publicly, he went along with it, yielding to the panic of the Army and the hysteria induced by the "yellow-peril" campaign of the Hearst press, saying that it could be justified only on the basis of what he called "common sense." Earl Warren, then California's Attorney General, later called his support of this action the greatest mistake of his public career.

The cases arising out of the shameful Japanese exclusion measures went all the way to the Supreme Court which, after what Prof. Eugene V. Rostow of the Yale Law School called "timid and evasive delays," upheld these harsh administrative actions, and thus "converted a piece of wartime folly into political doctrine and a permanent part of the law." The dangerous precedent has not been erased by President Ford's cancellation of Executive Order No. 9066 one-third of a century later. As Justice Robert Jackson said in a dissenting opinion on one of the Japanese exclusion cases, the principle of unchecked Executive action embodied in that order "lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need."

What is involved here is the whole problem of suitable restraints on the Executive's use of military power. Justice Jackson put the matter in a just and somber light in one of his dissenting opinions on the Japanese exclusion cases when he wrote: "If the people ever let command of the war power fall into irresponsible and unscrupulous hands, the courts wield no power equal to its restraint. The chief restraint upon those who command the physical forces of the country, in the future as in the past, must be their responsibility to the political judgments of their contemporaries and to the moral judgments of history."

An ominous footnote from Professor Rostow would add that the Court's failures to right the wrongs of these cases "will give aid to reactionary political programs which use social divisions and racial prejudice as tools for conquering power." It is in this light that President Ford's casual and propagandistic action should be judged. The nullification of the Japanese exclusion order comes nowhere near to atoning for the crime.

'Fire!'

Did private citizen Nixon travel all the way to China to slap the President of the United States, or was his slighting reference to "the mere act of signing a statement of principles" a comment on diplomacy in general, and unrelated to Helsinki? Will citizen Nixon be "debriefed" upon his return from Tokyo, and if so will his brief be extracted by technicians of the State Department or the White House? These are the winds of great affairs now agitating the draperies of government in Washington.

And of the nation's press. Ever since the era of Joe McCarthy's reign of terror it has been fair to say that the first refuge of a scoundrel is the front page of *The New York Times*. Now, day after day, readers of that "paper of record" are confronted first thing in the morning by the text and photographs of this brash attempt by the recluse of San Clemente to wash himself clean in a torrent of public relations. As the custodian of the "record," the *Times* may feel obligated to notice Mr. Nixon's bizarre journey, but the movements of private citizens—and Nixon should be encouraged to remain as private as possible—do not normally command star treatment.

The *Times* (February 24) has complained editorially that the trip is mischievous. So it is, but the *Times* and its fellow journals are making it so. Indeed, one may be confident that China would not have invited Nixon, and Nixon would not have accepted, if both had not been quite certain that the press would provide a full orchestral accompaniment to the journey. Journalism likes bizarre events—man bites dog—and the Mao-Nixon axis baited its trap skillfully. It will probably work: if a man is treated as though he were important, the public cannot be blamed for believing him important. Nixon is tenacious—it is the one positive thing to be said for him—and he may yet return to plague us. If he does, the press will be largely to blame. Freedom of the press, like all freedoms, carries with it a responsibility: in this case not to shout "News, big news!" when only your powerful voice is making the news.

Suppressing the Newsman

It is perhaps not quite juridically exact to say that Daniel Schorr is threatened with a bill of attainder of the sort the Constitution forbids. But the effect of what the government seems to be planning by way of punishment for his temerity in making the text of the House Committee on Intelligence report available for publication comes dangerously close to the definition of that ancient instrument of repression—"extinction of the civil rights and capacities of a person."

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The case of this honest and reputable correspondent for CBS News is just beginning—in fact, it has not yet reached the courts, which it is certain to do. Nor has that virtuous and majestic body, the Congress of the United States, yet decided how it will deal with Schorr, who felt that, in conscience, he could not take the responsibility for suppressing a report which Congress, bowing to the dubious pressures of the executive branch, had voted not to make public. Schorr's fate rests initially in the hands of the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, a body not noted for its rigorous criteria for the ethics of Congressmen, which will examine the question of "contempt" in Schorr's action.

Perhaps the main circumstance to note in connection with the Schorr case is that it comes at a time when the pendulum of official and public opinion is swinging back from ideas of disclosure and liberty toward notions of secrecy and national security. We have been through a long period of horrifying revelations of threats to basic American freedoms, and now the mood, at least in official circles, is one of determination to keep more of the nation's business from the public's knowledge. It is small comfort to note that we have always had such swings between the poles of openness and secrecy, because the Schorr case comes just when the federal government is mounting a strong fight to preserve a near monopoly on information without whose widespread diffusion there can be no democratic control of the nation's business. The President's "reform" of the intelligence apparatus, leaving its control almost entirely in the hands of a virtually unchecked executive, is the weapon being employed.

It should be noted that, in the matter of "leaks" of information, the executive branch holds the record (viz., Henry Kissinger's transparent device of getting out the news the way he wants it to appear by forcing journalists to attribute their stories to "a high official on the plane," as he shuttles around the world on his various missions). These official leaks are made, of course, so that the government can control and manipulate the way in which some of its activities get known. We have come a long way from the time when serious journalists would simply not take part in "off-the-record" briefings on the great questions of the day. For this the press must bear some responsibility, but it has gone along with the system of official leaking because that was often the only way it could give the public access to the essential information which the government increasingly monopolized.

Now Daniel Schorr, a lonely figure against the array of the government's powers, has challenged the whole system of government secrecy, taking on both Congress in its timidity and the executive branch in its arrogance. CBS News has removed him from any reporting function, which was perhaps inevitable after he became the central figure in a critical case of freedom of the press. All the signs are that Schorr's employers are, in all other respects, standing behind their man, at least in his insistence that he will not reveal the source of his information. CBS would do well to stick to this course if it wishes to remain a respectable member of the journalistic community. It was only four years ago that Frank Stanton, then president of CBS, Inc., stood boldly up to Congress and refused to make available to a prying House committee the film that a documentary team had shot but not used for a special program on the military's propaganda machine, "The Selling of the Pentagon." Stanton was almost cited for contempt of Congress for his stand on the basic principle that it is none of the government's business to probe into how information is gathered and presented to the public. CBS can hardly do less for correspondent Schorr than it did for President Stanton.

SISTERS OF THE PRINCESS

KAY BOYLE

On the fifth day of 1976, Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, sister of the Shah of Iran, published on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* an article, "And Thus Passeth International Women's Year," in which she stated that, despite the mournful passing of that year, some limited achievement was scored in publicizing and highlighting "the myriad problems of women throughout the world."

The Princess's point is well taken, and enlightened women must surely be in accord with her recommendations. It would perhaps be too much to expect of the Shah's sister that she deal in the specifics of her own country rather than in high-sounding generalities. The Princess referred, of course, to the International Women's Year World Conference which was held in Mexico City in June 1975. Representatives from 113 countries participated in that conference, and the Princess herself was chairperson of the United Nations preparatory committee. In her *Times* article, she hails "the widening feminists' culture-bound vision of 'sisterhood' " as one of the limited achievements of the conference, and she expresses her belief that the responsibility of women must now be to overcome by united action "the chronic apathy (i.e., concerning women) on the part of most governments."

It would have been of interest to many had she spoken of the plight of her imprisoned Iranian sisters who have been sentenced to death or to long prison terms without the benefit of other than military trials, defended (if such is the proper word) by lawyers appointed by the prosecution.

Protests and pleas by international organizations such as P.E.N., Amnesty International, and the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran, as well as from lawyers from the Western democracies, have invariably met with that government apathy which Princess Ashraf deplores. But Iranian women *have* been singled out for distinction in ways which the Princess perhaps did not have the space to report on in her article. As an example, Ms. Manijeh Ashrafzadeh was chosen in January to be the first woman in Iran to die, with eight of her male compatriots, before a firing squad.

The Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom estimates at 4,000 the number of women political prisoners in Iran. Many of them are the wives, daughters or other relatives of male political prisoners, CAIF reports, or are part of the growing number of Iranian women who are striving for liberation through activity in the political

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social, economic and literary life of their country.

One of these is Atefeh Gorgin, who was imprisoned two years ago for having published an anthology of contemporary Iranian literature. Ms. Gorgin is the w.dow of the poet, Khosrow Golsorkhi, who was executed last year with the author Karamat Daneshian.

Another is Dr. Simin Salehi. She and her unborn child died in 1974 in Evin prison in Teheran as a result of torture. Chirine Moazed, arrested at the same time as Dr. Salehi, was reported in October 1974 in the European press to be "unconscious, in solitary confinement, with her chest and other parts of her body severely burned."

Vida Hadjebi Tabrizi, a 36-year-old sociologist and researcher at the University of Teheran, was arrested as she drove home one evenng in 1972. (The Stockholm daily, *Dagens Nyheter*, reported in August 1973 that Ms. Tabrizi's crime appears to be that she was writing a paper on the living conditions of the peasant population of Iran.) Ms. Tabrizi was sentenced at a closed military trial to seven years' imprisonment, and it is reported that as a result of the torture she has undergone she has developed heart trouble and lost all sense of feeling in her feet and hands.

Ms. Tahereh Sajjadi Teherani, arrested at the same time as Ms. Ashrafzadeh, has been sentenced in a secret trial to fifteen years' solitary confinement.

The lot of Iranian women, according to Betty Friedan, has been improved in recent years, thanks to the benevolence of the Shah's consort, Queen Farah Pahlavi, and her interest in women's rights. But surely the time has come to ask if these include an Iranian woman's right to freedom of speech, and her right to open civilian court proceedings in the event of her arrest, and her right to a defense lawyer of her own choosing. "What do these feminists want?" the Shah of Iran asked Oriana Fallaci during an interview (*The New Republic*, December 1, 1973). "You may be equal in the eyes of the law," he continued, "but not so in ability. You have never even produced a good cook . . . you have produced nothing great, nothing."

In her *Times* article, Princess Ashraf writes with guarded hope of the United Nations designation of the decade 1976-86 as "The Decade for Women." Can such a concept be anything but a mockery if the tragic situation of the women political prisoners of Iran is not immediately remedied by an impartial investigation? The prisons of Evin, Ghasr, Ghezel Hessar and Ghezel Ghalen, are *our* prisons and *our* responsibility, just as were the political prisons of South Vietnam, for we graciously placed the Shah of Shahs on his peacock throne in the same manner, and for the same reasons, that we placed political power in the hands of President Thieu.

Possibly it is because the voices of the women political prisoners of Iran were not heard in Mexico City last June that International Women's Year closed, as Princess Ashraf put it, "without applause."

FALLOUT OF BRIBERY

Lockheed Aids Japan's Militarists

JAMES STENTZEL

The American practice of business by bribery may deliver Japan into the hands of its militarists, who have been waiting in the wings ever since Douglas MacArthur quit its shores. During the first three weeks of February, the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation scandal hit Japan hard, causing the biggest political storm in the country's postwar era. If Secretary of State Kissinger continues to override Prime Minister Takeo Miki regarding full disclosure, the storm could veer away from Tokyo and become a semi-permanent squall line over the Pacific. Given the seriousness with which the Japanese are taking the Lockheed bribes, however, some major adjustments in the United States-Japan alliance are possible in the wake of the storm, especially if Japan carries through its threats to develop its own military aircraft program.

During three days of hearings on the scandal which began in the Diet on February 16, it became clear to both Prime Minister Miki and millions of live-television viewers that the facts of "Japan's Watergate" might never be known unless Washington releases its full records on Lockheed's $12.6 million in Japanese bribes. But while Miki was repeating his formal demand to the State Department for a complete list of Japanese politicians and others involved in the bribe taking, Kissinger was maintaining his position, as told to reporters on February 12, that the names should not be disclosed "because the revelation by a Congressional committee of the names of senior officials of other countries is bound to have serious consequences." The impasse led to charges in the *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's largest daily, that Kissinger was blocking release of the names "in order to ma'ntain his power to manipulate [Japanese] politicians." Meanwhile, Treasury Secretary William Simon backed Kissinger by withholding names of bribed foreign officials from the Senate Banking Committee, provoking charges from Sen. William Proxmire, committee chairman, that the administration was endorsing "the biggest cover-up since Watergate." There were rumors—or hopes—in Tokyo that Proxmire or some other Congressional source might release the fuller record.

The feeling in Japan—scarcely contradicted by Kissinger's desire for a cover-up—is that the complete list of names and amounts will be even more significant than the rather startling revelations to date. Among those Japanese implicated so far are: top executives of both

James Stentzel, a missionary-journalist, is based in Tokyo, where he is a member of the Foreign Correspondents' Club of Japan. He has been co-director of New Asia News *since it was founded in Tokyo in October 1973.*

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the Marubeni Corporation, a large trading company which handles Lockheed's accounts in Japan, and All Nippon Airways, which ordered twenty-one Lockheed L-1011 TriStar airbusses following Lockheed bribes and personal pressure by President Nixon; Yoshio Kodama, godfather of the Japanese ultra-Right, well-known militarist and perhaps Japan's foremost behind-the-scenes political manipulator; two former Prime Ministers, Kakuei Tanaka and Nobusuke Kishi; Kenji Osano, a millionaire businessman and confidant of Tanaka; and the former director general of Japan's Defense Agency and now secretary general of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), Yasuhiro Nakasone. Knowing that the Diet lacked solid evidence, all the implicated politicians simply ducked the hearings, remaining silent or issuing simple denials of wrongdoing. The business executives, thrust into the role of fall guys, were taken for the roughest ride in the hearings, although they too insisted on their ignorance of any irregularities.

While Tanaka and Nakasone have the most to lose from full disclosure (they were both running strong for the post-Miki premiership), Kodama is the key Japanese in the whole affair. Kodama, who has been in prison several times for terrorist-related activities, stayed behind bulletproof windows in his luxury Tokyo hotel room, refusing to testify for "medical reasons." If he would talk, his story might well be as interesting to the American public as the Japanese public. Kodama amassed a fortune during World War II by plundering Asian natural resources required for the Japanese war machine. Sentenced as a Class A war criminal during the Occupation, he formed prison alliances with two other criminals, also destined to become pillars of the Japanese Right—Kishi and Ryoichi Sasagawa (who is now likely to win a power struggle with Kodama for control of the Japanese Right; he is known to have important friends in Washington and at least one at Chase Manhattan). Since the early 1950s all three men have exerted considerable influence on Japanese politics, each in his own way. After helping to found the Liberal Party (now merged into the LDP), Kodama chose to work behind the scenes, a style that seemed to fit certain American CIA purposes. Kodama has allegedly been close to the CIA since his prison release in 1948. Some knowledgeable Tokyo sources even suspect that at times Kodama has been more loyal to the CIA than to Japanese politics. Kodama's CIA connection may not be unrelated to his getting the largest share of Lockheed's bribes—$7 million of the $12.6 million. Nor is anyone sure that all of the $7 million ended up in Japan, since Kodama has close ties with the Park dictatorship in neighboring South Korea.

Even if Kodama winds up behind bars once again, he might find some solace in the fact that, by a twist of fate, he was proven a good militarist (if a bad nationalist) from beginning to end. Perhaps the supreme irony of the Lockheed scandal for Kodama is that the disclosures may do more for a revival of Japanese militarism than anything since the Korean War. The Japanese military, though small, has a large potential. Its biggest problem is its dependency on the U.S. aerospace industry. The Japanese militarists have recognized this for years but,

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sandwiched between Pentagon pressures and Lockheed bribes, have been unable to do much about it. Now, it appears, the time has come. Fueled by nationalistic currents and growing disillusionment with the United States, some very divergent Japanese interests—right-wing militarists, heavy-industry lobbyists and left-wing moralists—are coalescing on the heels of the Lockheed scandal to push development of Japan's own military aircraft industry. Japan's Defense Agency has announced not only that it would cancel a $1.3 billion order for Lockheed's P-3C anti-submarine-warfare plane, but also that an equally large order for a new jet fighter—either Grumman's F-14, McDonnell-Douglas's F-15 or General Dynamics' F-16—was in jeopardy. In both cases, the agency indicated that the only alternative was for Japan to design and build its own.

The statements could be a bluff, a "more moral than thou" reaction to buy time with an excited Japanese public. But the odds in Tokyo now are even money or better that the threats are meant. Disclosure of the Lockheed bribes came at a time when Japan's recession-hit defense industries were putting strong pressure on the government for more support, including an end to restrictions on weapons exports. Lockheed is likely to win their case for them. And even if Japanese taxpayers resist the enormous initial outlays for Japanese warplanes, the government can remind them of the alternative: dealing with the corrupt likes of Lockheed.

The implications for the United States of such a Japanese move will not be clear until the dust settles and Tokyo lays out its blueprints. There is a sense, though, that Japan's current mood and direction will affect more than Lockheed's solvency or the unemployment rate in Georgia. Given thirty years of often very junior partnership to Washington, Tokyo finally seems to have found an excuse to say "no" to near-total military dependency on the United States, one of the pivotal links between the two powers. The strength of the "no" could have critical importance for long-range U.S. military and foreign policy objectives. Kissinger, by blocking full disclosure of the Lockheed details, obviously feels he can soften the "no." He is gambling that Japanese memories —and perhaps also the life of the Miki Cabinet—will be short. So far the gamble is backfiring in Tokyo. Kissinger's obstinacy is rather forcing the Japanese to repeat their "No!," capitalized and with exclamation point. □

A SOFT SPOT FOR WEAK BANKS

GORDON L. WEIL

"Jimmy Smith glories in hanging all his service club plaques on the wall, but he spends more time framing them, than earning them," says an old South Dakota friend of the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency. James Smith watches over some 4,700 national banks, holding about three-fifths of all bank assets, with what some in Congress believe to be an attitude of "benign neglect." Some of the biggest of "his" banks are in serious trouble.

Smith must feel these days a bit like the CIA's William Colby. Confidential lists of problem banks, prepared by his staff, have been leaked to the press, and have focused wide public attention on the woes of such giants as Chase Manhattan and Citibank. But on Capitol Hill, where they have been criticizing the CIA for what it has done, the Comptroller is attacked for what he hasn't done—beyond collecting those plaques.

Bankers take risks and make mistakes, which is only human and tolerable within limits. It is the job of the bank regulators to protect the public by making sure the limits are observed. It appears that Smith hasn't done that job.

A native of South Dakota, Smith spent seven years on the staff of the late Sen. Karl Mundt, who was then in his heyday as the Senate's conservative curmudgeon. Says a man who knew Smith well at that time: "He was the front man. He'd meet with the folks and shake hands. His greatest responsibility was opening the office door in the morning." He did so well as a glad-hander that he was rewarded with a job as public relations man for the American Bankers Association. There he met David Kennedy, a big banker from Chicago, and when Nixon made Kennedy Secretary of the Treasury, Smith became his administrative assistant, then Comptroller.

It is a key position and, in practice, responsible to no one. Often the Comptroller is a political appointee and occasionally he can find himself in the center of controversy. But, perhaps more than any of his predecessors, Smith seems to have a soft spot for weak banks. He has already presided over the three largest bank failures in American history.

The first was the United States National Bank (USNB) of San Diego, owned by C. Arnholt Smith (no relation). Deposits there skyrocketed in the early 1970s and Arnholt Smith used a large share of them to finance doubtful loans to himself, his friends, his relatives and their businesses. That's called "self dealing," and it's a bad banking practice. However, Arnholt had a good friend by the name of Nixon, and the Comptroller seemed not to notice these loans. Then, when the bank began to run short of cash, he was slow to declare USNB insolvent.

The second was the Franklin National Bank on Long Island. Michele Sindona, something of a mystery man of international finance, owned a big piece of Franklin National. When the bank began to lose substantial sums on its foreign currency transactions, word spread that it was in trouble. It failed to pay its quarterly dividend. Sindona tried to salvage his position by assigning his

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voting rights in the bank to none other than David Kennedy, who had stepped down as Treasury Secretary. During the summer of 1974, as Franklin National's fortunes went from bad to worse, Smith sounded like the public relations man he had once been. He kept assuring the financial press that the bank was solvent. Depositors were not impressed and went on withdrawing their funds. Finally, Smith admitted that he had been "remiss" in his handling of the matter, closed the bank down, and it was sold.

These were not isolated cases. Three months after the fall of Franklin National, Security National, another Long Island bank, went under. In February, Hamilton National Bank of Chattanooga became the third largest bank failure in American history.

The recent press leaks have shown that, while few other big banks may have to close their doors, they have been poorly managed and poorly regulated. In the 1960s, the banking game changed. Where previously bankers had waited for deposits to flow in and then doled them out in the form of loans, they discovered that by issuing certificates of deposit they could raise large sums of money which, unlike ordinary deposits, were not payable on demand, but only after a stipulated time. Then they sent officers on the road, just like traveling salesmen. The product they were selling was loans.

That worked well as long as the economy kept booming. But the recession turned many of those loans into bad bets. The banks sustained sizable losses as they wrote such loans off their books. When banks lose money, depositors worry.

When Smith's examiners go into a bank, they don't check the math on your checking or savings account; they check the quality of loans. It is now obvious that they did little or nothing to discourage the banks from making high-risk loans that could not be repaid if the economy turned down.

The Comptroller is not the only bank regulator and does not deserve all of the blame for today's problems. The Federal Reserve Board is responsible for the same national banks as the Comptroller, plus 1,000 state banks. But it leaves the examination of the national banks to the Comptroller, and pays close attention only to those banks which are part of holding companies. Through these holding companies, it allowed banks to get into the real estate business by financing real estate investment trusts (REITs). Andrew Brimmer, formerly a member of the Federal Reserve Board, thinks that was a mistake, but once banks had the authority, Brimmer says, he and other members of the board "encouraged" them as a way of bolstering the real estate market. Brimmer is a bit tart when he remarks that some of his former colleagues now prefer to remember that they merely "tolerated" REITs, which began to collapse because of the recession. He feels that, in view of its earlier encouragement to the banks to get involved, the Fed "ought to have more understanding" of their problems, meaning that it should have protected the banks' assets through loans.

Beyond its inconsistent policy on REITs, the Federal Reserve has been a lax regulator. Traditionally, one of its seven members is assigned responsibility for its regulatory functions. But since 1973, when Jeffrey Bucher, a glass company executive with no banking experience, was given that job for a short time, board-level supervision has been almost nonexistent. Stephen Gardner, the Deputy Treasury Secretary just appointed to the board and a former officer of Philadelphia's Girard Bank, is about to take over the regulatory job.

The Fed and various Comptrollers have tangled on policy matters. But with Smith as Comptroller, conflicts have arisen on the operational level. Although the Comptroller's staff is supposed to examine national banks on behalf of the Federal Reserve as well, it has not turned over its full reports to the Fed. In fact, the board is forced to pay $100 for a copy of any report of a bank examination. Yet with the main focus of its attention on monetary policy and international finance, the Federal Reserve has not made much fuss about being treated like a poor relation.

The two questions that most concern people now are whether more banks will fail and what can be done to improve government regulation. Brimmer reports that his phone is ringing constantly with people calling to seek reassurance in the wake of the leaks of the list of banks in trouble. He tells them they should not worry. Even the hardest hit of the big banks have not had to dip into capital to cover losses. They are still turning a profit. In addition, the Federal Reserve simply won't let banks fail if there is a danger to depositors and to the economy. (The USNB, Franklin National, Security and Hamilton National Bank were all taken over by other banks, with no interruption in service.)

Some people wonder if the Federal Reserve can step in now, when it failed to do so back during the depression. The answer to that, says Brimmer, is that in those days it could not loan money to banks which badly needed cash to meet depositor demand except on the highest grade collateral, which, of course, the banks didn't have. It wasn't until 1935, Brimmer says, that the Fed was given the right "to lend on green cheese" or any other collateral, provided five board members agreed. Thus, if there were a run on the banks, it could be easily headed off by the Fed pumping all cash needed into the system. The banks could then repay the loans as deposits flowed back.

The Comptroller's office, particularly with Mr. Smith in charge, does not seem long for this world. In January, when the furor over the leaked lists was increasing, Smith took a two-week swing around the European capitals. That was a move sure to spur reform. The Federal Reserve would like to be assigned all regulatory functions (except, of course, over those state chartered banks which are not members of the Federal Reserve System). But former Fed employees believe that regulation will always be subordinated to the more glamorous fields of monetary policy and international finance.

Sen. William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, is pushing for a single new agency to replace the Federal Reserve and the Comptroller as regulators and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's examination functions. The Comptroller's office has demonstrated that no such powers should be vested in a single person, so

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Proxmire's panel might include a representative from the Fed, the FDIC, the Securities and Exchange Commission and public members. One top state banking official favors the inclusion as well of agencies that regulate savings and loans. In addition, he suggests that state banks could also be examined by this single agency, if states wanted to hire it for the purpose. He worries that state bank examiners usually get as chummy with the bank officers they are supposed to regulate as, say, James Smith got with his banks.

Both the House and Senate committees are determined to act, because they fear an erosion of public confidence in the banking system as a result of leaks. Arthur Burns now wants something done because he worries that banks will stop taking the normal and necessary risks in making loans if their past mistakes remain in the spotlight. The banks themselves don't like the idea of a single regulatory agency, because they will have to give up their special relationship with the Comptroller, who, under the law, they support through annual assessments. But even the banks now favor more disclosure about their condition, and the Bank of America has announced it will publish more about itself no matter what Washington decides.

Meanwhile, people seem to be adjusting to the recent revelations about banking and regulatory problems. They may not be happy, but there is no panic, nor should there be. In Boston, where they don't usually take these matters lightly, there's even a budding rock group called "Why Banks Fail." □

RADICAL AGITATORS

THE PRIESTS OF HONDURAS

HARRY MAURER

Tegucigalpa, Honduras

Steve Gross chuckled. "You know," he said, "the government didn't take us seriously when we started organizing in the 1960s. And now that they realize what we've done, it's too late to stop us." Gross looks so quintessentially American—tall, husky, blond, with the tanned good looks of a college quarterback—that he might be one of Nader's Raiders discussing the latest consumer campaign. In fact, he is a Jesuit priest whose work among Honduran peasants has earned him repeated death threats—and by "us" he means the Catholic social action movement that in the last year has shaken this country to its roots.

The Honduran Roman Catholic Church is probably the most radical in Latin America today. At a time when Christians elsewhere are bitterly divided over religious versus social priorities, the clergy and hierarchy here have united around the principles of Catholic activism. An influx of foreign priests with advanced ideas has spurred the process, and massive turmoil in the countryside has given the Church fertile ground to cultivate. The results have been dramatic—and sometimes lethal. Church-linked programs, including peasant unions, consumer co-ops, radio schools, leadership training centers and a women's movement, have stirred hatreds that recently led to the assassinations of two priests and the jailing or exile of many more.

These events have gone largely unreported because Honduras itself—the second-poorest nation after Haiti in the Western Hemisphere—seems so inconsequential. But the activities of men like Steve Gross reflect a wrenching change in one of Latin America's most powerful institutions and shed light on an important question: what is the Church's role in Latin America today, and what will it be tomorrow?

The Church's concern with social justice is nothing new, but until World War II it was most often expressed through charity or some other form of paternalism. This approach went into decline after the war, and by the early 1960s several events had brought the Latin American Church to a turning point. First the Cuban Revolution, then John F. Kennedy's Alliance for Progress sent electric currents through the continent. At the same time, the clergy was deeply stirred by the ideas of Pope John XXIII voiced in such encyclicals as *Pacem in Terris*. Hispanic priests began to see the Church's duties and interests as lying with the lower classes rather than with elites, and their belief that to fight for social change is an essential Christian task became the basis of a new "theology of liberation."

One result of the new Catholic outlook in the United States was a call in 1962 for clergy to volunteer for service in Latin America. Steve Gross arrived in Honduras the following year. He was appalled by what he found. The country then fitted perfectly the banana republic stereotype: ruled by a right-wing general, dominated by the United Fruit and Standard Fruit companies. Beyond the banana enclave, Honduras was mired in semi-feudalism, with a tiny landowning class exploiting the peasants who made up three-quarters of the population, and who lived in conditions of ignorance, filth, disease and hunger that most Americans could not even imagine.

This system had long rested on an alliance of Church, army, gringos and landowning oligarchy. But during the 1960s the alliance disintegrated under the pressure of a diffuse, sporadic but explosive peasant revolt that men like Steve Gross helped to foment. To the horror of their former allies, Honduran churchmen and lay Catholics embraced the "theology of liberation" and took up the banner of agrarian reform. By the 1970s their organizing

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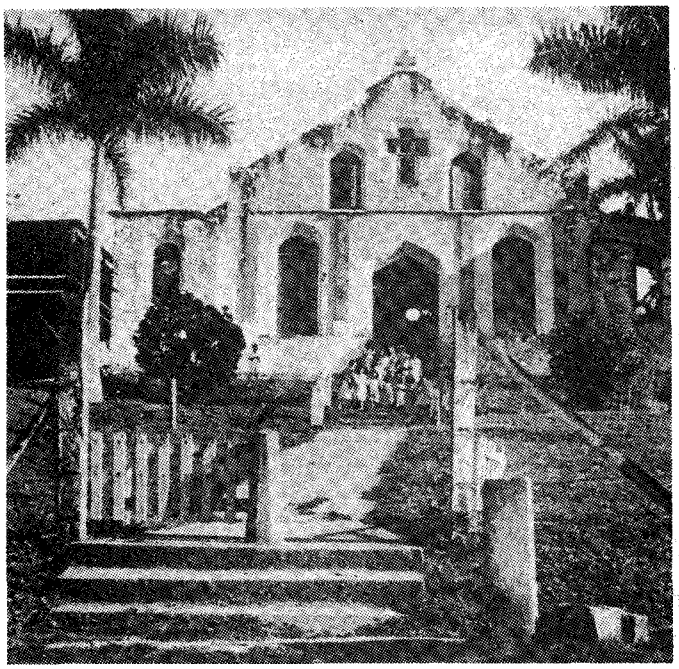
among the peasantry and their wholehearted support of the demand for land had made the Church movement the most vital political force in the country.

The Church movement in Honduras thrives despite several paradoxes. One is that Honduras is not a particularly religious country; several people told me that Catholicism has traditionally been weaker here than in any other Central American country. There is less than one priest for every 10,000 people, and even that ratio was achieved by wholesale importation of foreigners: fewer than 20 per cent of the priests are natives.

Although the lack of local clergy would seem to hinder good grass-roots organizing, the opposite has proved true. Many of the foreign clergy who come to Honduras are young, well-educated and fervently committed to social action, and the ideals that brought them here are quickly communicated to their parishoners. They do make easy targets for the landowners' charge that "outside agitators turn Honduran against Honduran," but these passionate agitators are among the Church's best assets. The tepid religious feeling here has also been turned to the Church's advantage, because the movement has become a combined revival and crusade. Its proponents preach a powerful blend of political and spiritual salvation, offering to bring justice to Honduras and in the process bring Honduras to God.

This approach first filtered into Honduras in the early 1960s with the *Cursillos de Cristiandad* (little courses on Christianity), a system of consciousness-raising developed in Spain. The *Cursillos'* program of *estudio, piedad, acción* (study, piety, action) caught on among the urban petit-bourgeoisie—students, professors, doctors, small businessmen—who eventually built the present network of programs and agencies. But this raises a second paradox: that the Church's remarkable work among the peasants was originally done by the middle class. Besides their sincere outrage and sense of religious duty, what objective interets could they have had for such a task? The answer may lie in their fear of a godless revolution. In Honduras, as elsewhere in Latin America, the shadow of Fidel Castro falls darkly over the elite. Again and again I was told, "Of course, in Cuba they've done wonderful things, but . . ."

I felt most strongly the vitality of the Church movement when I visited Steve Gross's headquarters, a *centro de capacitación* (meaning "a center where people are given capacity") called La Fragua, the forge. Located in the sleepy town of El Progreso, this group of clapboard buildings surrounding a shady yard was once a country club for United Fruit executives. Now the swimming pool is cracked and empty, and the people strolling under the immense mango trees are men in misshapen straw hats, carrying machetes. They come and go in a steady stream, some crowded into rusty pickup trucks, some having walked for miles to attend a meeting. From this base Steve Gross—or Padre Esteban as he is known here—ministers to the religious needs of 100 scattered villages. He also broadcasts a nightly radio program that blends news, gossip and the indispensable messages that bind a rural movement together. "To the village of Los Andinos," he reads, "Juana Vargas wants someone to meet her with a mule at the path on Tuesday at 9 o'clock. She's coming to inspect the dispensary and give a talk on health. . . ."



Illustrated London News

Of the myriad activities at La Fragua, the most important are the *cursos* (courses) *de capacitación* which attempt, as the center's name implies, to forge leaders out of illiterate, fatalistic peasants. The process begins when priests circulate through the villages—and here the Church has a huge advantage over other activist groups, because the peasants, conservative and mistrustful, are bound to the priests by common belief—scouting for men and women who seem more dynamic, inventive or simply less resigned than the others. The priests report back to headquarters, and the candidates are invited to the center. Often they train first as Celebrators of the Word of God, a sort of lay priesthood. But even this largely religious course has social content, as Steve Gross explains: "We teach that God is the Father, therefore all men are brothers, therefore it's wrong that some live well while others starve."

Back in their villages, many of the Celebrators decide that "praying isn't enough," and return again to the center for the *cursos de capacitación*. The first level of these courses rather resembles the "speak-bitterness" sessions used by the Chinese Communists: the peasants are encouraged to talk about their lives, the goal being, as one teacher said, "to bring them out, to make them see that they're slaves without schools, roads, health care, civil rights." By the third level the students are learning different models of development for Third World countries, and are prepared to organize village councils and chapters of the National Peasants Union.

The extraordinary novelty of this program must be stressed; until recently, few educated Hondurans would have considered peasants capable of understanding *any* concept of economic development. Certainly no group of reformers has ever applied such zeal and discipline

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to changing their feudal outlook. Small wonder, then, at La Fragua's success, when already the slow, subterranean process of political awakening had made the peasants hungry for knowledge and leadership. Graduates of the *cursos* powerfully affect their villages and play leading roles in many of the Church's activities. A nationwide system of consumer co-ops has been organized to liberate the peasants from price-gouging rural merchants. A women's movement called the Housewives' Clubs has begun to break down brutal village *machismo*. Itinerant health workers, agricultural training programs and a fund to provide credit for farming cooperatives bring material improvements to the peasants' lives.

The Church movement also reaches thousands of peasants by means of its radio schools. The reading lessons are based on the famous method developed by Paulo Freire, which stresses concepts drawn from daily life, usually including some social message. The lesson on "Land," for example, ends with the observation: "it is unjust that some people have so much land, while others have none." During a visit to one tiny village I was shown the local school—a hut containing a few crude benches, a blackboard and the precious radio. On the wall hung posters designed to complement the lessons. The school monitor pointedly explained the one dealing with History. "This drawing shows the Mayas," he said. "Then we have our declaration of independence from Spain, and after that the exploitation of Honduras by the English and the *yanquis*." This last was a surreal drawing of a huge banana with a Honduran inside, peering out through a barred window. Nearby stood Uncle Sam counting a fistful of dollars.

The soldiers who govern Honduras today correctly view all this activity as subversive, and in recent years, with tensions in the countryside rising sharply, the army put great pressure on the Church to desist. For this reason the Archbishop of Tegucigalpa found it prudent in 1974 to sever formal ties with the increasingly political movement the Church had spawned. Most of the programs were then grouped under an umbrella agency called Concorde, run by laymen. But the change was little more than cosmetic; the movement remained "one huge Mafia," as Steve Gross describes it. So when the inevitable crackdown came last year, both clergy and laity suffered.

The main target of the government attack was the National Peasants Union (UNC) which, while nominally independent of the Church and Concorde, is in fact the movement's direct-action wing in the countryside. Peasants in other Church programs are nudged toward the UNC, and the organization is linked ideologically and personally with the "Mafia." It is the most combative of the three peasant unions in Honduras. Of the others, one is run by the government and is thoroughly docile; the third (and largest) is the National Association of Honduran Peasants (ANACH), which grew out of the labor movement and receives considerable support from the American Institute for Free Labor Development, widely identified as a CIA front. ANACH's conservative social philosophy reflects its ties with American organized labor, while the UNC wants "basic changes in the structure of society," according to its leader, Pedro Mendoza.

Mendoza seems the ideal product of the Church's efforts. An ex-peasant who was first recruited as a Celebrator of the Word, he spent some time organizing inter-village soccer games as a way to bring the peasants together. Then he attended a series of *cursos*, worked for one of the Catholic social agencies and finally joined the UNC in 1971, rapidly rising to the leadership. A small, witty man, he moved gingerly on the day I spoke to him, having suffered broken ribs during recent beatings in jail. "The trouble with ANACH," he told me, "is its individualist mentality. They're only interested in economic questions, whereas we emphasize spiritual values. We see agrarian reform as a step toward a communitarian society, and land simply as a *means* for human progress."

The stated goals of ANACH and the UNC do not differ greatly; both say they want to win land and then work it collectively. But the UNC is less willing to compromise with the government on the issue of who is to run the cooperatives. Mendoza insists that the peasants themselves must have power over questions of finance, equipment, crops, marketing, etc. He disapprovingly labels "Communist" the cooperatives set up by the government, which are centrally planned and directed.

But the basic clash between the UNC and the junta is over the speed and scope of agrarian reform. For several years the military has been feeling its way, hoping to make changes broad enough to quiet the peasants, yet not so drastic as to alienate its traditional landowning supporters. The swelling size and militancy of the UNC threatened this balancing act, and finally led the soldiers to react sharply. Last June 25 large groups of UNC peasants set out on "hunger marches," planning to converge on Tegucigalpa for a massive demonstration. The marches were quickly broken up by the army. At the same time, in raids across the country the junta arrested priests, nuns, students, labor leaders and others associated with the Church movement. *Centros de capacitación* and Catholic radio stations were shut down.

At La Fragua, Steve Gross was arrested and held at the local jail. That night he was loaded into an army truck. "About halfway to Tegucigalpa," he recalls, "the truck stopped. The soldiers got out and told me to come with them. I was sure it was all over. Believe me, I was never so glad to see men going to the bathroom." But others were not so lucky. In the wild-west province of Olancho, where tensions were particularly high, local landowners and army men assaulted the UNC's headquarters. Several people were killed outright and nine others vanished, to be found a month later buried on the ranch of Olancho's most infamous landlord. Two were priests: one Colombian, one American.

The crackdown was a public relations disaster for the junta. The arrests and killings outraged most Hondurans; the funeral for a victim of the Olancho massacre turned into one of the biggest demonstrations in Tegucigalpa's history. But the officers had made their point, albeit at some cost. They had shown their willingness to use force and had reminded the Church of its vulnerability. They expelled several activist priests from Honduras and confined many others—Steve Gross among them—to Teguci-

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galpa for several months before allowing them to return to work. Though there were further clashes in October, the junta in recent months has consolidated its power.

In a sense, then, 1975 saw the coming of age of the Honduran Church movement; certainly the June events made it clear that the stakes were rising. But the year also raised a thorny question. After the junta's warning not to go too far, must the movement resign itself to operating within the limits of the army's tolerance, using agitation and publicity to press for gradual—perhaps glacial—change? The alternative would seem to be a more direct struggle for power, or at least a drive to replace this regime with one more sympathetic to the movement's goals. In other words, the logic of its own efforts is steering the movement toward open political opposition. Will it take that step? If so, who would lead the struggle? And what would be its program?

The political arm of the Church movement is the Christian Democratic Party (PDC). It was organized in the early 1960s by university students who sought a "third position" between the established conservative political parties and the Communists. The founders are now in their mid-30s—dedicated, astute men who make no secret of their desire to govern. They will not get that chance in the near future; the party is relatively small, and Honduran law makes it almost impossible for new parties to win legal recognition. (Nor does the junta have any plans to hold elections.) But the PDC is growing in numbers and prestige, and at present, with the few Honduran Communists split between warring factions, it is the only credible and efficient left-of-Center party. Its recruits come from the peasantry and the small industrial working class.

However, after a long interview with several of the PDC leaders, I remained unsure of what they stood for. Their seriousness is impressive, but behind it lies a certain vagueness of purpose. They admit to having borrowed some ideas from the Communists: a cellular party structure, for example, and an emphasis on ideological preparation through constant study. The "personalist" philosophy of Emmanuel Mounier, which foresees a "democratic, humanistic, communitarian society with broad participation," has been their greatest theoretical influence. They stress their "very tough" critical stand on American influence in Honduras. Their economic goal is "redistribution of wealth," their political goal—a favorite phrase—"basic changes in the structure of society."

But what changes, exactly? In *What is Personalism?* Mounier writes that ". . . capitalist structures today are an impediment to the movement towards the liberation of man, and they must be abolished and replaced by a Socialist organization of production and consumption." But Mounier's disciples in Honduras are not willing to go that far—or at least they were not in conversation with me. On questions such as the position of private enterprise in the society they envision, the PDC leaders fudge.

And here one encounters the central paradox of this ultimately puzzling movement: that although it is leading a popular upsurge of terrific potential force, it offers no answers to the essential questions posed by that upsurge. One is left to guess at the meaning of the "third position," and therefore of the movement itself. The PDC's foggy program, its middle-class leadership and its aversion to communism suggest that the "third position" may mean nothing more than moderate reform. But if by "third position" the movement's leaders mean socialism, with democratic forms and Christian underpinnings, it would be significant indeed, a striking stand for a party linked to the Church.

The PDC's reticence about its goals may stem from divisions within a movement that is still young, or from reluctance to spell out publicly its radical vision. But there is no doubt that the movement will continue to evolve. After a decade of organizing, its activists have gained political enough experience to glimpse the tasks to come. In the next few years the "third position" will be defined in action, and the process will merit close attention. □

TAX AUDIT FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

THE IRS BULLIES THE NEW SOUTH

JASON BERRY

In 1972, the federal income tax return of LaSaunders Hudson, a black man who ran a Memphis laundry, was audited and he was told to pay $167. Hudson reluctantly wrote out a check. The check bounced. Internal Revenue Service agents came to his laundry, intent on seizing $167 worth of property. Hudson pulled out a gun and said no deal.

Hudson kept four agents in his laundry that chill winter day while a crowd of black supporters cheered him from behind hastily erected police barricades. Hudson refused to let the agents go; he wanted to talk to the Governor. Frantic Memphis officials persuaded Gov. Winfield Dunn to fly over from Nashville. Finally, LaSaunders let three of the four agents go. But first he made them strip down naked and walk out in the cold air, to the hoots of people who hated what they stood for and what they did. He finally let the last agent go, surrendered, and had his meeting with the Governor, at which time the two men discussed the problems of small black businessmen. Governor

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Dunn flew back to Nashville; Hudson got a year in jail. His name is no longer in the city phone book, but to people in Memphis LaSaunders Hudson is still a hero.

Why so? Why is the IRS so hated by blacks in the South that they hail a man who pulls a gun on its agents and makes them run about in their birthday suits? It is because they believe that the tax bureau persecutes them for what they are and for what, as citizens, they legitimately do; that the IRS uses its powers to offset the gains made by the civil rights movement over the past twenty years. In the last three years alone, more than fifty prominent members of black-liberal alliances in Deep South states have been audited or investigated, lied to, harassed, divested of many dollars in attorneys' or accountants' fees. And others with little money to tax have been deprived of countless hours of personal time spent reworking their returns.

The popular belief is that the illicit activities of the IRS began in high places, instigated by the people who brought us to Watergate. That is true in the case of Richard Nixon's Enemies List, and the Special Services Staff (SSS) of the IRS, an intelligence operation set in motion in 1969 by Nixon aide Tom Huston, which gathered massive data on "ideological groups." But the real erosion of the Internal Revenue Service as a purely tax-collecting agency began in the 1960s, at the bottom, in regional districts and local offices.

The deep rifts between policy and purpose in our tax system began in the South. IRS activities during the civil rights movement foreshadowed Nixon's attempts to politicize the agency in Washington. The South's leading city, Atlanta, served as a testing ground for SSS tactics. And in the post-Nixon era, the policies he tried to implement are still working in the South: harassment of black elected officials, activists, liberals and businessmen has continued in a shocking manner.

Those whose tax returns have been audited include: state Sen. Julian Bond of Georgia and eight black elected officials from Atlanta; the presidents of the Mississippi and Alabama NAACPs; five black legislators from Memphis, including Emmett and John Ford, whose brother Harold is a U.S. Congressman; Morris Dees, the leading civil rights attorney in Alabama; five of thirteen black Alabama legislators and the two best-known black sheriffs in that state. In Mississippi, after the IRS commenced in 1972 a criminal investigation of Charles Evers, twenty-six members of his predominately black Loyalist Democratic Party were audited, as well as his New York fund raiser. A string of activist lawyers are on this list. Even secretaries of the Delta Ministry civil rights agency had their returns questioned. Last year the president of the Mississippi ACLU was audited; this year the books of the Tennessee and Georgia ACLU offices are being studied.

Of this group, only Morris Dees of Montgomery appears to have been audited because of Nixon politics per se. Dees, founder of the Southern Poverty Law Center and one of Joan Little's attorneys, directed George McGovern's profitable direct-mail fund-raising campaign. He appeared on the Enemies List and his tax return was challenged in the middle of the 1972 Presidential race. "I made money on the deal," he says with a grin. "They found I overpaid."

The statistical probability that such a pattern of audits could be legitimate is highly unlikely. The authoritative *Federal Tax Guide Reports*, in its February 15, 1974 issue, says that about one in every fifty-seven Americans was selected for audit in fiscal 1973. On April 9, 1974, the Associated Press, drawing on an interview with a Boston IRS official, reported a less than 2 per cent chance that the average American would be audited that year. According to the A.P., the computer system (installed in 1969 in regional offices nationwide) weeds out returns in such a manner that the government finds mistakes in its favor 71 per cent of the time. The IRS explains that the adjustments then made reflect not dishonesty but legitimate confusion over tax codes.

The Southern activists who were audited paid few "adjustments." Of those who did pay substantial amounts, several were assessed as a result of highly questionable IRS decisions. In three cases, discussed below, the IRS or State Tax Commission pressed legal action, without success.

Why does the IRS audit so many Southern activists? Clearly, it is not the result of SSS work. Donald Alexander, the current commissioner, disbanded the SSS in 1973, well before many of the audits in question began. Except for Morris Dees, only Aaron Henry, chairman of the "loyalist" wing of the Mississippi Democrats, appeared on the Enemies List. He was also on the abbreviated SSS list that Sen. Frank Church made public at a hearing of the Select Committee on Intelligence in October 1975. But Henry has been audited regularly for the last four years, which suggests that Mississippi agents have long been after him.

Why, then, all this checking into tax returns, which has produced little revenue for the government? One reason is that in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, the IRS functions, in effect, as an arm of political systems which are trying by economic means to keep blacks out of power. A more basic factor is the structure of the IRS nationally and the perversion of its legitimate powers by regional agents.

The IRS has some 88,000 employees, about 5,000 of whom are field auditors. These people examine tax returns selected by computers and desk workers in what the IRS claims is an objective process. If an auditor suspects criminal conduct, he refers the tax return in question to the Intelligence Division. Its special agents then build a case and present it to the Justice Department, which decides whether or not to seek prosecution through a grand jury. A former assistant commissioner of the IRS, now working in another federal agency, says that the real power resides in the local offices. "Washington is cut off from those people in a lot of ways," he says. "IRS national dictates policy, but the state offices apply it. Audit agents have a wide range of power, too wide. It's up to their discretion to decide whether someone audited has done wrong. The appeal method a taxpayer goes through, if he disagrees with a tax adjustment, supposedly serves like a court, but those agents are powerful as hell."

A former audit supervisor in a Southern state, now a prominent tax lawyer, supports these sentiments: "There used to be a semi-official standard, where an agent was expected to bring in $1 million a year in tax adjustments. Recently, this has been downplayed in IRS manuals, but the thinking is very much intact. So when most agents go in to audit, they're looking for a profit to the service." This "bounty-hunter" attitude has created innumerable cases of

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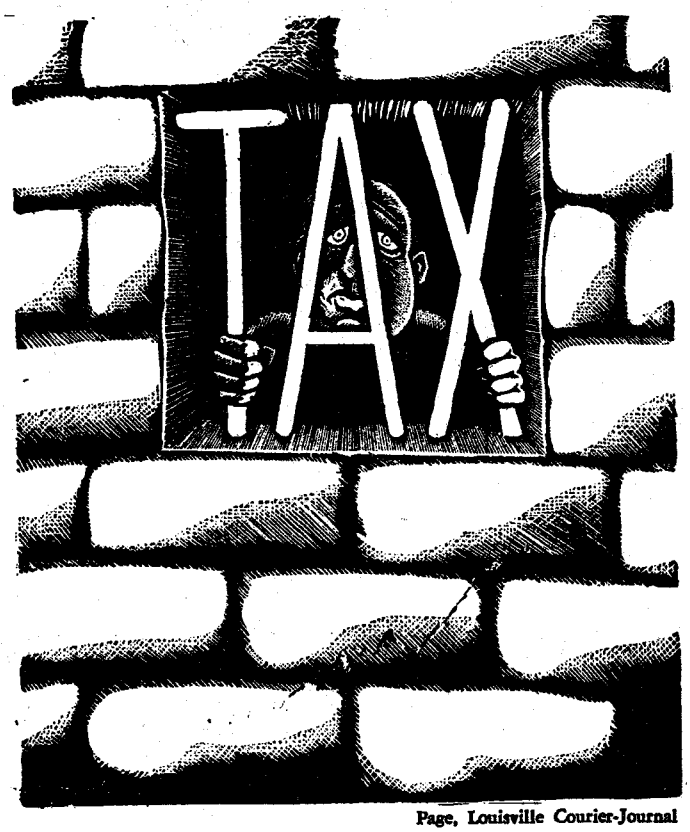

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harassment in homes and offices across the country. Last year, NBC and ABC produced startling documentaries about various individuals whose personal finances and even businesses were devastated by unethical, overzealous IRS audits-and-penalty assessments. In a 1974 Pulitzer Prize-winning series, two reporters for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* analyzed the manifold inconsistencies of tax law and enforcement by the IRS. And in November 1975, the Administrative Conference of the United States, a federal agency which makes recommendations on government, produced a voluminous report which analyzed inequities in the current tax system. All these reports point to the same conclusion: that most Americans are not only bewildered by incomprehensible tax practices but also afraid of the IRS's power to collect taxes when even modest disputes arise.

The basic problem lies in the collusion between the collection and intelligence activities of the IRS, and it is hauntingly illustrated in the South. Civil rights activists were lumped with mobsters and racketeers, traditional IRS foes. What John Dean wanted to do—use the IRS to harass political enemies—was actually being done in the South well before Dean got his White House job. Commissioner Alexander recently testified that a training school for special agents was conducted in Florida in the early 1960s. Wiretap techniques and police surveillance tactics were taught, an unconstitutional departure from the IRS's chartered duties. (The IRS was called to task for this in 1966 at hearings chaired by then-Sen. Edward Long of Missouri.) The intelligence technology developed in Washington came together with the long-standing union of politics and policy in the South: political reformers were made into enemies of the system.

In Greenville, Miss., the newspaper publishing business of the late Hodding Carter was routinely audited from 1954, when Carter endorsed the Supreme Court desegregation decision, until his death in 1972. Says his son, Hodding Carter III, the current editor: "We always assumed it was harassment, but there was no way to prove it. Reputable accountants have always handled our books. We never had to pay adjustments, but, God, what a nuisance."

Others were less lucky. Arthur Shores, a black attorney in Birmingham, started a civil rights law career in the late 1930s. He represented the first black woman admitted to the University of Alabama and many plaintiffs in voter rights suits. Shores says his returns were gone into regularly in the 1940s and 1950s, "just about every year. In 1954 they finally accused me of avoiding $50,000 in back taxes. I did owe a small amount, but not nearly that much. I eventually settled on $10,000, which was far more than I owed. Had I gone to court, legal fees would have been so high that I'd have lost money even if I won the case. As it was, with accountants and attorneys, I must have paid another $10,000. Was it harassment? You better believe it was."

One of Dr. Martin Luther King's frequent attorneys during the 1960s was Oscar Adams of Birmingham. His problems with the IRS began in 1964. "I defended Dr. King, Reverend Abernathy, Fred Shuttlesworth, and many other civil rights activists who were arrested and jailed. In the middle of all this activity, the only black IRS agent in Alabama came into my office and asked to see the books. I knew what the IRS philosophy was then. It's the same way today: you're guilty till proven innocent."

When Adams denied his request, the agent replied that the four black girls killed in a recent church bombing "died so I could get this job." There is still a trace of fury in Oscar Adams's voice when he recalls throwing the man out of his office. "He was their token black. They used him to audit the important blacks in the city, those who made money or trouble."

So the IRS began a criminal investigation of Adams. For the next three years, while he defended activists beaten and jailed on phony charges, IRS agents pored over his records. "They went way back, went through everything." In 1967, he finally paid the IRS a $3,000 adjustment for a long period of back taxes. It cost him an estimated $20,000 in legal and accounting fees. "They wanted me to pay $30,000 originally, which was ridiculous, considering the money I made."

(As in most states, Alabama's Bureau of Revenue hands case information over to federal agents; the state does not generate criminal lawsuits. Yet in 1960, the only such instance in the bureau's history, state officials pressed an income tax evasion case against Dr. King, alleging that contributions to his Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) were personal gifts which he had not declared. A white jury in Montgomery exonerated King after brief deliberation—compelling evidence that the accusation was specious.)

Many other black leaders of the 1960s have been audited, including John LeFlore of Mobile, an NAACP leader who is now a state Representative; Thomas Reed, president of the Alabama NAACP and now a legislator;

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Rep. Cain Kennedy of Mobile; Rep. Robert Clark, the lone black in the Mississippi legislature from 1968 through 1975. In Birmingham, where Oscar Adams is still audited "every sixteen or eighteen months," his law partner, U.W. Clemon, a state Senator, has been audited for each of the last *seven* years. Says Clemon: "They don't get money, but they just keep coming back."

Rev. Hosea Williams, a high official of SCLC and former aide to Dr. King, had his return pulled in 1967; agents combed every record for ten years back and found nothing to adjust. (Oddly, the feisty Williams has not been audited since then, although SCLC has.) Jack Young of Jackson, Miss., the most active black rights lawyer in his state in the 1960s, was audited then, but thinks it was "routine." However, his son, Jack Young Jr., a lawyer and candidate for the Mississippi legislature in 1971, was audited the next year. No criminal prosecution of these men was ever pressed. The evidence is that the IRS harassed civil rights figures at a relentless pace.

The South's small black businessmen—tavern owners, shopkeepers, grocers—have been pursued even more than political activists. Self-made, semiliterate, these men often err out of ignorance. According to a black agent with the Mississippi Sales Tax Division: "Our people are frequently at fault when their records are audited. But the mistakes are honest, and naturally small. The average small grocer or tavern owner gets no training." Instead of teaching proper bookkeeping methods, state and IRS agents go for the jugular. A white CPA who deals frequently with the IRS says: "The state hires boys with accounting degrees fresh out of Ole Miss. Many of them can't pass the CPA test. The first thing they do is try to climb the bureaucratic ladder. They're poorly trained, overaggressive, and a good job is judged by how much they collect."

The plight of the black *petite bourgeoisie* underscores the IRS political activities of the last decade. These people, like the ministers and teachers, were strategic to the civil rights struggles. Although young activists from SNCC and CORE provided bodies and voices for demonstrations, people with jobs who put themselves on the line, jeopardizing their families' safety and financial security, made local whites feel the black commitment.

The shameful irony of the 1960s is that, while local offices of the IRS and State Tax Commissions were battling the movement, another federal agency, the Department of Justice, was bringing litigation that helped pave the way for the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The national press supported the Southern movement and portrayed the Johnson administration as its ally. The IRS was the invisible federal antagonist, perhaps the most powerful. It stole people's money.

The critical collision between IRS counterintelligence and social protest occurred in 1969, when Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, chairman of the Committee on Government Operations, held hearings of the Subcommittee on Investigations. McClellan's announced intention was to investigate radical groups on the Left and Right for the purpose of preventing violence. He gave the IRS a list of twenty-two organizations in which he was interested and ordered their tax returns brought before his committee, in itself a legally questionable act. McClellan was most enraged by leftist groups, SNCC, SDS and the Black Panthers. The Justice Department twice ignored McClellan's demands that it enforce his summons to the IRS to produce SNCC's records. SNCC was by then a Black Power group; it had long abandoned the Gandhi-oriented strategies of the early civil rights period.

At the same time, whether by design or coincidence, Nixon's man, Tom Huston, was setting in motion the Special Services Staff of the IRS. In a forthcoming book, *Political Intelligence in the United States*, Frank Donner, director of the ACLU research project on political surveillance at Yale Law School, convincingly argues that the McClellan subcommittee was midwife in the creation of the SSS. Donner writes:

> . . . the White House began to prod the IRS, focusing on the need for the development of a policy on exemptions which would handicap its opponents and enemies and favor its friends . . . when the SSS was formally established on August, 1, 1969, its objectives were not confined to the area of tax exemption. Its basic purpose was to use the tax laws to harass certain organizations (whether tax-exempt or not), supporters or officers of such organizations: the evidence is quite clear that although the McClellan Committee and the White House did not specificially insist on it, they were responsible for the creation of the infant unit. The significance of this development can hardly be overstated: while in the past the IRS had permitted its resources to be used sporadically against unpopular groups and individuals, these practices were, for the first time, institutionalized. [See also Frank Donner: "Hoover's Legacy," *The Nation*, June 1, 1974.]

Besides the segregationist McClellan, two other conservatives sat on his subcommittee: Karl Mundt of South Dakota and Edward Gurney of Florida. Otherwise, the committee was manned by liberals and moderates: Jacob Javits, Charles Percy, Abraham Ribicoff, Lee Metcalf, Henry Jackson, even Sam Ervin, whose glamorized passion for constitutional rights overlooked their violation in this context. (In 1974, Ervin chaired a subcommittee of his own, on none other than the SSS.)

And so, with liberal acquiescence, the SSS was formed. McClellan's chief investigator was Philip Manuel; his major source of information was the Atlanta IRS. Atlanta was the capital of civil rights activities. SNCC, SCLC and other movement organizations had headquarters there, and more than a dozen of the ninety-nine organizations on the SSS list were Atlanta-based. As stated earlier, the SSS had little success in thwarting political enemies, but the mere knowledge that IRS Washington had created a surveillance unit affirmed the political practices engaged in by the Southern offices for more than a decade and renewed their mission.

In July 1970, librarians in the Atlanta area were dumbfounded when IRS agents began questioning them about patrons who had checked out works by Che Guevara and François Sully and books about Cuba and liberation movements. In one case, two "suspects" turned out to be teenagers writing term papers. Under an absurd interpretation of the duties of the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Division of the IRS, agents were going into libraries across the country to find out who was reading books that might con-

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tain information useful to radicals. (An admirable defiance of this activity was that of Mrs. Tomlin E. Brown in a suburban Atlanta library: "I said that I happen to be an old-fashioned librarian, and that anyone coming in the door of a library I am in charge of can read what he wants and in privacy.")

An equally ominous manifestation of the Southern-SSS point of view took place in Atlanta in 1970, on the night when Muhammad Ali fought Jerry Quarry. Here, courtesy of Senator Church's Select Committee on Intelligence, is an observant memorandum from agent John Mask.

November 5, 1970

Director, Intelligence Division I
National Office

ABC (Intelligence) I
Southeast Regional Office

Operation Bird Dog

The Roaring '20s returned to Atlanta, Georgia, on October 24-28, 1970. People came in sleek limousines, customized automobiles, mink and flamboyant dress for the Muhammad Ali-Jerry Quarry fight on Monday night, October 26. The style of the '20s prevailed with males challenging females for the extreme in dress and the brilliance of colors, wearing wide-brimmed hats, double-breasted jackets, two-piece suits with coats to the knees and some with full length mink coats.

After observing expensive custom built automobiles at the Regency Hyatt House, Atlanta's swankiest hotel, arrangements were made for the Atlanta District to conduct some old-fashioned bird-dogging; that is, the taking of license numbers of the most expensive looking automobiles. . . .

Attached are lists by states (other than the Southeast Region) of the more expensive automobiles, with their respective license numbers, that were in Atlanta for this occasion. The list was compiled from automobiles observed at the better hotels and motels where fight fans were lodging and in and around the Municipal Auditorium. . . .

A promoter of that fight was Leroy Johnson, a powerful black Atlanta politician and at the time a state Senator. Johnson's tax returns had been audited for several years before the fight: in 1974, after a four-year criminal investigation, he was indicted. He was acquitted of four counts of income tax evasion. A fifth count, an odd charge that he allowed a false affidavit to be given to the IRS on his behalf, is on appeal. Johnson estimates that he spent $50,000 in legal fees.

The following letter, written by his attorney Edward Garland to the counsel for the House Subcommittee on Commerce, Currency, and Monetary Affairs, says something about IRS tactics:

It is my belief that the IRS has conducted illegal wiretapping in Georgia in connection with a unit of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI). The wiretapping conducted here was done unlawfully, without a warrant. Their activities have been covered up. . . . Several days prior to the fight, a man posing as a phony company employee in a phone company truck, obtained entrance to his [Johnson's] home on the pretext that there had been some report of difficulty on his line. Thereafter, the same phone company truck was seen in front of his home, with people on the truck working on the phone line. To the best of my knowledge, the phone company has no record of any service call to that location on that date. . . .

I believe that if this activity were probed, you would likely uncover that, in connection with the bird-dog operation, there was used by the IRS the illegal activities of the GBI and that as a result of the same, Leroy Johnson. . .was targeted for prosecution to discredit him as a political force.

By late 1972, when blacks were getting elected to political offices across the South, the IRS Southern strategy had spread across the country. The SSS was requesting taxpayers' returns from regional offices everywhere. At least fifteen Washington agencies, including the Justice Department, FBI and CIA, were making use of IRS records. Under a treaty arrangement with forty-eight states, more than 32 million returns were now being passed back and forth from one place to another. (In Florida, returns are available even to county tax assessors.)

Thus, to understand why more than fifty black leaders have been audited in the last three years, consider the chronologies. In Atlanta, during the two years following Leroy Johnson's audit and investigation, Julian Bond and at least eight other black officials were audited. One of them, state Rep. Henrietta Canty, says that the day she went into the IRS office (to challenge successfully a $14 penalty adjustment), a young secretary told her: "Oh Mrs. Canty, you too? They're auditing all our black politicians." In none of the cases were criminal charges filed.

A domino effect was at work in Mississippi during roughly the same period. Between 1972 and 1974, twenty-six civil rights activists were audited, after the IRS began chasing Charles Evers. In 1970, when it was public knowledge that Evers would run for governor the following year, the state went over his books and found mistakes. Evers has poor eyesight, rarely reads, and his books were kept by a black who was not a CPA. When Evers realized that the records were in error, he called in a white CPA from Natchez, Thomas Fore. Fore arrived in December of 1970 and found a warrant issued to close Evers's storefront grocery.

In examining the records prepared by his predecessor, Fore decided that the man had, through honest mistakes, underestimated Evers's income through small business holdings in Fayette. Fore filed an amended return, which the state accepted. Evers paid a $5,000 adjustment for the three years, 1968-70, which included a fine.

Fore was puzzled about the state's audit. He found that the state agent had calculated revenues from the store 20 per cent higher than they were. He asked why this was so, and the auditor told him that he had requested sales records, but that the store clerk said they did not exist. Fore went to the clerk to check this out, and to his surprise she gave them to him. Why hadn't she given them to the state agent? "He never asked for them," she replied.

Running a quixotic campaign for governor in 1971, Evers lost badly but helped elect a record number of black candidates. He was audited by the IRS in 1972, and then a criminal investigation began. Criminal investigations, unlike audits, place the burden of proof on the government. When the agents first met with Evers, they informed him of his rights and he, to their surprise, gave them all his records. With this information, they constructed the case against him, which fell on its face in the courtroom in 1975, and ended in a mistrial when a government agent introduced an improper allegation into testimony under cross-examination by Evers's attorney.

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The adverse "intelligence" activities of the IRS have cost taxpayers millions of dollars, yet the Intelligence Division of the IRS has not been audited by the General Accounting Office. (Other departments are routinely audited.)

Thousands of IRS audits are generated each year by informants; if a substantial adjustment is made by an individual, the informant as a rule is awarded 10 per cent of the additional payment. Commissioner Alexander recently admitted that the IRS hasn't audited its own informants, much less those of the FBI and CIA. For his part, Alexander cut the intelligence budget from $12 million in 1972 to $4.3 million last year. He has been publicly critical of programs like Operation Leprechaun, in which Florida agents pried into sex lives of people they wanted to indict. Alexander, in the words of a high-level Washington official, is "either the greatest civil libertarian or biggest con man in town." More than likely, he falls in some area between the two. A corporate attorney, he will have little trouble finding a good job when he leaves the IRS. How soon that will be depends on the political success of the Intelligence Division men, whose power he is reducing and whose tradition he does not share. In the words of Atlanta's Elliott Levitas, a member of the House monetary affairs subcommittee: "There's a huge power struggle going on in the IRS now. Intelligence has even suggested that Alexander be audited."

Meanwhile, the generation of Southern IRS men responsible for these abuses is presumably moving up the bureaucratic ladder. There, at the top, they will join bureaucrats from the Northern and Midwestern and Western IRS offices, where already documented abuses have occurred. The IRS, then the Bureau of Internal Revenue, was last overhauled during the Truman years, after a commissioner was jailed. The drift on Capitol Hill now is toward a long-overdue housecleaning; several well-meaning bills, aimed at reforming the mess, are pending. The most important development is an ACLU court suit in New York filed on behalf of Walter Teague, an anti-war leader of the 1960s who was audited. The suit seeks to enjoin improper intelligence activities in the future by empowering any taxpayer suspecting foul play to go to court and make the IRS prove that its challenge of his return is not political. Had there been such a law in 1972, LaSaunders Hudson might not have felt called upon to pull his gun on the IRS. □

THE CURE THAT KILLS

PESTICIDES IN THE FOOD CHAIN

LOUISE COOPER

Berkeley

Now that safe food has become, along with clean air and pure water, one more of the luxuries we can no longer afford, the hard-won pesticide bans are in danger. Velsicol Corp. of Chicago is fighting for the right to go on producing chlordane and heptachlor (of which it is sole manufacturer) with old and ugly tactics that have failed for years but may now prevail in the twilight of American affluence.

Like DDT, chlordane and heptachlor are pesticides whose metabolites become a permanent part of the tissues of all the living things they do not immediately kill. Jerome Wiesner, chief science advisor to President Kennedy, has called these organochlorines more hazardous to human life than nuclear fallout.

Velsicol is part of a billion-dollar conglomerate that can afford one of the top Washington law firms (Williams, Connolly and Califano) and is powerful enough to shake Congress. For a while, late last year, it looked as if these assets would be enough to reverse an Environmental Protection Agency ruling that suspended manufacture of chlordane and heptachlor because they present an "imminent hazard" of human cancer. After a forty-day public hearing during which Velsicol's lawyers battered away at scientific testimony supporting the suspension, EPA's chief administrative law judge recommended that it be reversed. Judge Herbert Perlman said EPA lawyers and scientific witnesses had not proved that these insecticides cause human cancer. Judge Perlman had earlier upheld EPA bans on DDT, aldrin, dieldrin and mirex, basing his decisions on the same kind of evidence he now found inconclusive for chlordane and heptachlor.

Stunned members of the Environmental Defense Fund—a coalition of scientists and lawyers whose suits in federal courts had forced EPA to begin to act against pesticides in 1971 and whose lawyer cross-examined Velsicol witnesses at the suspension hearing—were far from confident that EPA administrator Russell Train would continue to stand for suspension in the face of the recommendation of his chief administrative law judge. But on December 24, Train said his order for immediate suspension of production would stand for 85 per cent of all present uses of heptachlor and for 70 per cent of all uses of chlordane. (Last week, Russell Train ordered an immediate ban on all pesticides containing mercury, a family of products which attack the nervous system. In future, these pesticides will be permitted for only a few highly specialized uses; a spokesman for the Environmental Protection Agency said the order would reduce the amount of mercury entering the environment from this source by 98.5 per cent.)

Certain minor crop applications of heptachlor and chlordane (for example, preplant soil treatment for strawberries) will continue, and use of both pesticides for corn will be permitted through August 1, 1976. This, Train said, will give corn growers, especially in certain wet areas, where chlordane and heptachlor have been concentrated,

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time to shift to other techniques.

The order thus protects us from an additional 1.7 million pounds of heptachlor and 15 million pounds of chlordane in our food, our environment and, ultimately, ourselves. If the ban had been lifted, manufacture of these pesticides would have continued for another eighteen months, while hearings were conducted on the basic EPA order canceling registration of the pesticides.

By tempering his original suspension order to permit continued use of the pesticides through another corn-growing season Train may have cut the ground from a court appeal filed by Velsicol in a federal court in Cincinnati, where the voice of agribusiness is thought to be louder than it is in Washington. Much of the tedious daily work of Velsicol lawyers at the suspension hearings will also be wasted as a result of Judge Perlman's surprising decision. In interminable maneuvers, the lawyers seemed bent on provoking Perlman to day-by-day rulings that could be used to support allegations in Cincinnati that the administrative judge was biased. It is, of course, hard to charge bias in a judge who has just ruled in your favor.

The issue that will now be reargued by hundreds of witnesses in hearings on the cancellation order, soon to resume, has been reduced to the simplest possible terms. A series of experiments has shown that heptachlor and chlordane produce tumors in the livers of mice and rats at feeding levels as low as five parts per million. Since alternative pesticides are available that do not (so far as now known) produce cancer and do not concentrate permanently in living cells, use of organochlorines is economically unnecessary.

At the suspension hearings, Velsicol's lawyers argued that the mice and rat liver tumors were not cancer because they had not metastasized. Five pathologists, some from the National Cancer Institute, testified that the characteristic appearance of the tumors was that of cancer. After hours of legal attack, these men maintained certainty that the tumors were cancers, even though metastasis had not occurred at the time the animals were killed.

Little of this scientific argument was reported in the daily press, but Velsicol's warning that the ban on heptachlor and chlordane will "add more to food prices than the Russian grain purchases" made headlines. Stirred up by several hundred thousand letters from Velsicol, corn growers have been repeating this threat in appeals to their Congressmen.

"The fanatics and bureaucrats in Washington," Velsicol executive Robert Morris wrote corn producers, "seek authority over broad segments of society. . . . Talk about assassination plots. Talk about 'dirty tricks.' This time, *You're the Victim.*"

Thus it may become un-American to be unwilling to die of cancer. Velsicol apparently believes the United States can now be persuaded to line up with the poor countries and accept what might be called a democratic way of death: cheaper food and poorer odds against cancer for everybody, as opposed to pesticide-free food and hunger for some. But this dogged, arrogant company may be out on a limb with its food-price argument. According to G.I. Sutherland of American Cyanamid, "Growers have available to them many first-rate products . . . many of these are quite inexpensive."

In a recent large-scale demonstration among Midwestern corn farms, Barry Commoner of Washington University, St. Louis, showed that farms not using pesticides and chemical fertilizers made net profits roughly equal to those where the cost of these chemicals had to be charged against profits. The argument that the corn crop is at stake becomes quite absurd in the light of EPA's careful estimate that only 1.5 per cent of all corn farms use chlordane and only 1.3 per cent use heptachlor. The entire argument for agricultural use of pesticides neglects several well-known facts:

—The high mutation rates of insect species produce resistant strains almost before the pesticide salesman can get around the San Joaquin Valley. The corn root worm is now resistant to virtually all chlorinated pesticides and is becoming resistant to organophosphorus alternatives (these are the compounds that farm workers in the Southwest call *muerte andando*, or walking death). The corn root worm became a problem only with the advent of continuous corn production. If crops are rotated, this pest does not survive.

—The pest problem is magnified by wholesale pesticide destruction of birds and other natural insect predators. Some 99.9 per cent of insect species are harmless or downright helpful to man.

—Citrus and cotton growers who followed methods developed at the University of California, Berkeley, one of the world centers of what is called "integrated" pest control, reported higher profits than did growers who were guided by pesticide salesmen, according to a recent survey by agricultural economist, R.B. Norgaard. Integrated methods make maximum use of natural predators and use pesticides only when certain insect species appear. The California program cut pesticide use to one-fourth the amount customary for these crops.

In the industry that gave us napalm and the herbicides that laid waste to Vietnam while producing a sharp rise in birth defects (the herbicide 2,4,5-T containing dioxin, a chemical known to produce birth defects, is still registered by EPA for use in the United States), Velsicol, a relatively small company, has nevertheless managed to stand out. It is the company whose staff lawyers devised vicious personal attacks on Rachel Carson after she had reported the death of enormous numbers of birds and small animals when the Department of Agriculture used heptachlor in one of its many massive and unsuccessful campaigns against the fire ant. Velsicol's Memphis plant killed 5 million fish by dumping endrin in sewers whose effluents reached the Mississippi (endrin, which kills a fish at one part per billion, is still registered for wheat, barley, oats, sugar cane and in apple orchards but "not on fruit").

The Chicago family that owned Velsicol became increasingly uneasy about pesticides, quietly founded a children's hospital and sold out to Chicago & Northwestern Railway, from which Northwest Industries, Inc. later grew. This conglomerate, listed among *Fortune*'s top 200 corporations, was put together by Ben Heineman, a Chicago lawyer who once campaigned for Adlai Stevenson.

For that reason and for the more impelling reasons that such companies as Union Underwear (largest maker for boys), Acme Boot (largest cowboy bootmaker), Imperial

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Reading (jeans and sportswear), Fruit-of-the-Loom (trademark licensing) and Buckingham (importer of Cutty Sark Scotch) are part of his conglomerate, Heineman might be thought to favor the survival of the consumer. If so, this understandable bias has not reduced his enthusiasm for Velsicol, one of two companies comprising Northwest's chemical group. Although they provide only 15 per cent of total corporate gross ($1.1 billion), Heineman told security analysts that the chemical companies are his "stars," yielding a higher profit rate (12.7 per cent of sales) than either his giant consumer or his industrial group. The latter includes the highly profitable Lone Star Steel Co., which makes pipe used in deep oil drilling.

Consumers got along with less underwear in 1974 and Northwest's shoe plants went on strike, but Velsicol's pesticide sales continued to rise—in response, Heineman noted, to critical food shortages throughout the world. The rise was augmented by an emergency airlift of a million pounds of an organophosphate insecticide, trade-named Phosvel, to save cotton crops in Egypt. In the rush, almost no one remembered that Phosvel had killed six workers, produced a delayed and irreversible nerve damage in others, and killed 1,200 water buffalo in earlier applications in Egypt. Velsicol has been able to secure U.S. registration for only one product containing Phosvel, at 15 per cent and limited to use against the corn root worm.

If lawyers are the brains of the capitalist system, Heineman, whose distinctions include Rockefeller Foundation and University of Chicago trusteeships, suggests that the private enterprise colossus is not yet a dinosaur. Benefiting from the support of Democratic Congressmen, he persuaded the ICC to approve a write-down sale of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway (a tax shelter from which he had built his conglomerate). Railway assets were devalued by 50 per cent and Northwest got a $200 million loss carry forward, a federal tax credit that in 1974 raised profits to record level. That is the style that has proved effective in closed-door sessions where Congressmen are asked to gun down Russell Train, cut off EPA appropriations and gut the Federal Insecticide, Rodenticide and Herbicide Act, now up for renewal.

High profit rates support the continued manufacture of long-lasting pesticides that move through the food chains and of methods that, as a biologist put it, are like "scalping someone to cure dandruff." Last year's pesticide sales amounted to more than $1.3 billion, enough in poundage to kill three times the population of the world.

The persistent organochlorines are remarkably easy to produce and require little labor. Products that can be made for a few cents are sold to agribusinesses for a few dollars. Even the manufacturer's major cost—sales promotion—is reduced by the helpful offices of county agricultural agents on Department of Agriculture payrolls.

Michael Faraday made the first organochlorine pesticide by letting benzene stand with chlorine in sunlight (mercifully, he remained quite unaware of its possible use). Today's manipulators of these highly reactive chemicals are not put to much more trouble. Thus new variants quickly appear as substitutes for compounds banned after many years of legal struggle.

But it would be a mistake to decide that, except for what Henry James called the "huge American rattle of gold," pesticides would vanish from the planet. Swedish economist Erik Dahmen reports that state-owned companies in Communist countries "are no different from privately owned companies in the extent to which they damage the environment." Israel has the world's highest DDT residues in human tissue; Hungary is next, followed by the United States. While a query to the Swedish Embassy brought the immediate reply that Sweden had prohibited DDT and aldrin-dieldrin in 1970, chlordane in 1971 and had never permitted heptachlor and mirex, the same question to the Soviet Embassy remains unanswered.

Real social despair, however, derives from the heavy voluntary consumption of pesticides by individual members of our relentlessly suicidal species. Home and garden users buy 30 per cent of all chlordane produced, another 30 per cent is used by commercial "exterminators" who apply, again and again, indoors as well as outdoors, this pesticide shown by Department of Agriculture experiments to have a half-life of twenty years in an open field.

Perhaps believing that a poison is something you swallow, housewives and home gardeners use products containing dieldrin, heptachlor and chlordane (but which have more appealing trade names) almost as freely as soap. Few realize that these pesticides do not wash away but may last indoors for almost literally a lifetime. In heated rooms or in sunlight the chemicals vaporize and become chronic poisons, to be absorbed through skin and eyes and by inhalation. The remarkably high dermal toxicity of chlordane was illustrated by the death of a factory worker a few hours after she had spilled chlordane powder on her dress and skin.

Organochlorines are added to paint, wallpaper, floor wax, furniture polish, cleaning compounds. Lumber, carpets, clothing (even those made of fabrics not favored by moths) are impregnated with the compounds. Despite their high inhalation toxicity, chlorinated pesticides are regularly sprayed by professional exterminators in apartment buildings, theatres, offices, hotels, restaurants, even hospitals. Recently a boy placed in a Mexico City hospital as a result of pesticide poisoning at home died when his room was sprayed with a 10 per cent DDT solution, an administrative routine of which his doctors were unaware.

The price we pay for the massive use of pesticides by exterminators, farm workers, housewives and home gardeners quite ignorant of their deadly effects is getting very high. Scientists are now in general agreement that 70 to 90 per cent of all cancers are caused by chemicals in air, water and food, in factories and in homes.

One out of every four of us contracts cancer and the rate of incidence is rising sharply (up 5.2 per cent in 1975). Annual cancer deaths amount to five times the yearly deaths in automobile accidents and more than all the dead of World War II. Cancer costs about $15 billion annually, an estimate that includes the earnings lost by those who die or are disabled before age 65.

Dr. Samuel Epstein of Western Reserve University, and scientific advisor to EPA, says that the "increase in cancer is real and over and above" the rise caused by the increasing age of the population. Cancer in children is sharply increasing: cancer of the nervous system in children tripled

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over the 1956-68 period. According to the Australian Nobel Laureate, Macfarlane Burnet, leukemia is now the most common disease of the 4 to 6 age group.

"Time on the cross" includes getting cancer: black men get it at a rate of 371 per 100,000; white men at a rate of 335. The difference can be put alongside a little-known "poverty index" compiled by Dr. John E. Davies at the University of Miami. Davies separated a group of Dade County male whites and blacks and then sorted them into five ranks by social class. Blood samples showed that unskilled black workers of the bottom rank had three times the pesticide blood levels of the top white rank, composed of those in the professions and business. "It is ironic," Davies remarked, "that this simple blood test for a modern chemical becomes diagnostic of one of the most pressing, ancient and chronic diseases, poverty."

Cancer is not the only hazard of the cheap-to-make pesticides. Organochlorines damage the liver and the bone marrow, where red blood cells and the white cells of the body's immune defenses are produced. Perhaps the least recognized effect of these widely dispersed pesticides is chronic damage to the human nervous system. Metabolites of the lipophilic pesticides concentrate preferentially in nerves and brain, where lipid content is high.

Canadian researchers discovered from autopsies that DDT concentrations in the brain can be 140 times higher than in the blood. The organochlorines cross the blood-brain barrier; that is why the chlorinated tranquilizers, largely variations of a phenothiazine first put together as a pesticide, are effective. A recent Harvard study showed that brain cancer among vinyl chloride workers is 320 times the average rate. Studies of pesticide workers in Israel show abnormalities in electroencephalographic records of brain function.

Thus the compounds that kill over the long run by cancer may also be reducing what some of us still regard as the species' chief asset: mental acuity. There is wide variation in susceptability to this sort of neural poison. Children are highly vulnerable. People whose work involves creative mental function are also at high risk against the environmental chemical onslaught.

Those still optimistic about our dubious species may take what comfort they can from the report of a U.S. National Academy of Science plant study delegation that the Chinese People's Republic has sharply restricted all organochlorine pesticides. Or they may be reassured by news from California, which has been using half of all the pesticides consumed in the United States, that bluebirds and robins are once more nesting in the redwood groves and brown pelicans are returning to the Pacific beaches. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 258)*

Israeli Government's position condemning the U.N. invitation to the PLO. As to the article specifically mentioned by Mr. Lurie, "Israelis Debate 'Palestine Entity,'" written according to him by the Information Department of the World Zionist Organization, its content is far more limited than its title suggests. Of the six Israelis quoted, only Uri Avneri endorses Israeli discussions with the Palestinians. The two other voices that appear "liberal" in the context of the article merely suggest that the Palestine issue must be faced, and that the West Bank is not indispensable from a religious point of view. A careful reading of this article will show that it is designed to convey the impression that the Israeli Government is admirably tolerant, and that its position on the Palestine question is quite adequate and therefore need not be challenged.

To conclude, Mr. Lurie's proposition that the opinion of the readers of the Zionist press in the United States on the Palestinians "is based on a knowledge of the varying opinions current in Israel" is highly distorted. In fact, the range of discussion even within the establishment is far greater than is suggested in the article Mr. Lurie singled out for illustrative purposes. *Irene Gendzier*

Toledo, Ohio

The scurrilous article by Irene Gendzier was a diatribe on Israel and the Palestinian issue far beneath the level of objective reporting I have come to look for in your magazine. My own reading of literature on this question, across the entire spectrum of writing that is available, contrary to Ms. Gendzier's allegation that we never hear about it, gives a different kind of balance.

The Palestinians did not become an ethnic entity until they chose to call themselves Palestinians in the 1960s. Before that they were refugees and they were arms of the Pan-Arab movement to oust Israel from the Middle East. Their Palestinian homeland was then called, by them, Southern Syria. Interestingly, it was the Jewish Zionist settlers who were known as Palestinians in the British Mandate days prior to 1948.

A scholarly look at Palestine in the 19th century under the Ottoman Empire appearing in *Commentary* for February by David S. Landes tells us what an empty, desolate land this was just 75 years ago. . . . The Arabs from all of the Middle East began arriving in what the Palestinians now call their homeland from 1900 on, as Jewish Zionist land reclamation and pioneering created a viable economic base for their livelihood. . . .

What *The Nation* seems to have forgotten in its haste to join the faddish Third World fascination with the PLO is that Israel's survival as a nation lies directly in the balance of this argument. It knows much better than many of its facile advice givers these days that the PLO does not represent a legitimate ethnic movement which can be expected to compromise its oft-stated intent to destroy Israel. . . . Ambassador Rabin put it very well before the National Press Club in Washington during his February visit this year in noting that the issue of the PLO and its recognition is a false issue, and the issue of Israel's right to survive is the real issue. . . . *Alvin S. Levinson*

Missoula, Mont.

I congratulate you for publishing the article by Irene Gendzier. Shortly before Carey McWilliams retired as editor of *The Nation*, I wrote him to the effect that over the recent years, I could find only *one* thing "wrong" with your magazine's editorial policy—and that was a tendency to simply echo the most ardent among "the Zionist claque" on the American political scene.

Professor Gendzier's article is excellent indeed! Well balanced, well researched and perceptive. Let's have more like it, so that some of us who have used *The Nation* as a kind of bible on the American scene for many years, can look forward to a balanced editorial policy on all controversial issues—including the one of American Zionism.

W.H. Fisher, School of Education
University of Montana

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

From 'Enlightenment' to 'Brutish Power'

THE NEW AMERICAN IDEOLOGY. *By George C. Lodge. Alfred A. Knopf. 350 pp. $12.50.*

VICTOR LEBOW

Two reports on the business pages of *The New York Times* in early December bear upon the principal thesis of this book, for they are illustrations of the persistence and power of an outworn ideology. The first story, from Palm Beach, announced a campaign by the Advertising Council on behalf of the Association of National Advertisers, a program of economic education promised "to be the most massive communication effort in the 33-year-old history of the Council." A few days later, the 500 businessmen at the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers heard "speech after speech accusing them of being responsible for the low esteem in which business is held these days." The NAM unveiled a "multi-media package of slides, film, and live performers" that will attempt to explain what the NAM still calls the "free enterprise" system and expose "the problems of government intervention in simple, dramatic terms."

To George C. Lodge, professor of business administration at the Harvard Business School, these might qualify as examples of the way in which the influence of John Locke (1632-1704) still shapes the thinking and attitudes of Americans, as it has since well before Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Locke opposed the theories of Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) who saw mankind as self-seeking, brutish and bellicose. Locke held that the original state of nature was good, that men were created equal and independent and that the political state was formed by the social contract and should be guided by a belief in natural rights, which included the inalienable right to property.

Professor Lodge makes a strong case for the view that we are mired in the ideology of Elizabethan times, ideas to which there still adhere remnants of their medieval past. Absorbed from Locke and others in the 17th century, the traditional American ideology sanctified five themes of major importance in our history: (*1*) individualism, converted into the pluralism of special interest groups early in our development; (*2*) property rights and the sanctity of contract; (*3*) the ideal of competition, which is still at the heart of the average American's notion of how our economic system works, and is the origin of the myth of "free enterprise"; (*4*) the dogma of the limited powers of the state, which permit the fullest realization of an individual's initiatives; and (*5*) specialization in the sciences. Lodge sees this last notion as a corruption of Newtonian mechanics, based on the assumption that if we attend to the parts as experts and specialists, the whole will take care of itself; the idea remains entrenched both in our corporations and our universities.

This quasi-religious dogma provides the primary source of legitimacy for our institutions—economic, political and social. In fact, however, our most powerful institutions, the great corporations, have long since deserted most of it. An enduring factor in this tradition is the myth of material growth and progress, and the concomitant myth of our ability to control events. The Darwinian tenet of the survival of the fittest, and of natural evolution directed toward the improvement of species, fitted nicely the theory that under the benign neglect of the limited state, the individual could achieve unlimited progress through unrestrained competition. As a result of that amoral view of progress, it followed that "ballistic missiles definitely represent progress over gunpowder and cannonballs, which in turn represent progress over bows and arrows," to quote Gunther S. Stent.

One may add that it is this amorality that has shaped the essentially picaresque quality of business. Thorstein Veblen, in *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, has this comment on the beginnings of the modern corporation: "It is significant that joint-stock methods of organization and management—that is to say, impersonally capitalistic methods—are traceable, for their origin and early formulation, to the shipping companies of early modern times." It is significant, in this connection, that a charter granted to a company of ship owners, in Elizabeth's time, bestowed not only the commercial privileges but also the right to practice piracy—a condition not unknown in our own day.

Lodge, however, prefers not to put the emphasis on the destructive effects of capitalistic enterprise upon our society but rather to develop his critique on the basis of the influence of Lockean ideology upon every facet of our lives, whether as individuals or as members of groups—corporations, labor unions, and fraternal, neighborhood, community or regional organizations.

Were this book to issue from some exponent of a "greening" America, it might be mistaken for an impressively scholarly work arising out of the radical movement or the counter-culture. But instead, this comes from an eminent teacher at the institution which *Business Week* has characterized as representing to the heads of giant corporations "what West Point is to generals." From this citadel of capitalist expertise and ideology, its author writes, "This book is about the legitimacy of great institutions. It is about the ideas which once gave them authority but which no longer do; about their justification and their purpose, their structure and behavior. It concerns the distance between what they are and are becoming, and the myths and ideas which have justified them. . . ."

There have been critics of the American private enterprise system for well over one hundred and fifty years, but in the last few years we see a new phenomenon—attacks from within the sacred portals. Neil Chamberlain, professor of the modern corporation at Columbia's School of Business, has done this in two books, *The Place of Business in America's Future: A Study in Social Values*, and *The Limits of Corporate Responsibility*. The market researcher and sociologist, William G. Capitman, wrote *Panic in the Boardroom: New Social Realities Shake Old Corporate Structures*, and Prof. F.C. Thayer, of the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs, University of Pittsburgh, has set his views out in *An End to Hierarchy! An End to Competition!*

While Chamberlain and Lodge both

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trace business from its early beginnings in medieval times, Lodge has developed in this brilliant work not only a study of earlier transitions and the ideology which followed but a critique of our economic, political, social and community organizations, priorities and objectives—all deriving from our national Lockean dogmas.

We are today, he tells us, an apprehensive nation with no sense of direction or control. "Over the last 2,500 years, the several successive ideologies of the Western world have imposed clear limits on man's economic activities, and indeed have generally subordinated them to social and political priorities and objectives. The significance of what I call Lockeanism is that, particularly as practiced in America, this ideology has tended to sever economic activities from their political and social context, allowing economic ends to dominate. Political and social institutions have thus come to be assigned the task of cleaning up the mess left in the wake of economic undertakings." (In this remark he echoes the argument of K. William Kapp's classic work, *The Social Costs of Private Enterprise.*) As Lodge sees the question facing us today in the West, it is whether any ideology can endure which subordinates political and social aims to economic ones.

Strangely, we Americans believe that we are free of ideologies, that such things are aberrations confined to Europeans. Lodge maintains that is nonsense. "No community is more deeply imbued with ideology than ours," he insists, and evidently he does not believe Daniel Bell's celebrated discovery that we have already seen the end of ideology. Since Lodge condemns the piecemeal approach of specialists, this book is a generalist's synthesis of historical, economic, sociological and epistemological analyses of our situation. In a brief review, it is impossible to bring forth the multitude of insights the book provides, especially for those still naïve enough to be unconcerned about the eschatology of capitalism. Not only does Lodge present an historical review of the ancient world and its approach to the community and its needs but he traces the evolution of the modern divorce between the economic and the social and political elements of community—in terms of the town, the city, state, nation and the world.

Lodge explains how England, which gave birth to Locke, was rescued in part from our fanatic adherence to his tenets by the socially involved utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill. He makes a number of revealing distinctions between our ideology and that of Japan and the East. (He coins an epigram: "The Chinese invented gunpowder and used it for religious ceremonies; the Americans created the atom bomb and dropped it on the Japanese.") He traces the public corporation from its earliest beginnings and demonstrates why and how our concept of private property is losing its meaning and its value today. He argues for the communitarian as opposed to the individualistic vision. In sharp contrast to the violent attacks on John Rawls's *Theory of Justice*, by Robert Nisbet in *The Twilight of Authority* and by others among the anti-egalitarians represented by the journal *The Public Interest*, Lodge espouses Rawls's ideas of fairness and equality.

Of particular interest is Lodge's declaration that "the American state no longer seems to have any real choice between planning and not planning. . . . We now find ourselves forced to permit rational rule, through planning; and this means we must redefine the old, seemingly basic notions on which our society has been erected—the old concepts of justice and equality, of freedom, of purpose—to fit within a communitarian mode that may someday be applied with worldwide scope. . . . It is now our task to perform the job that has been deferred for 2,000 years: to capture the energy and power of the commercial sector and graft it onto the community. The central institutions will all be changed by this integrative process, both in spirit and in letter."

Lodge neither seeks nor finds villains in our predicament; events and ideology combined inexorably to produce this America. But it is now high time for a great change, an historical transformation.

He concludes, "Western civilization has moved more or less unconsciously through a series of ideological frameworks, each building upon the one that went before. Institutions and behavior have adapted to the flow. Some adaptations have been hideous to behold, others glorious. The West is in the throes of another of its great adaptations. This time we can have the choice for glory, if we will but be aware."

To this flourish one must say "Amen!" But it seems to me that Lodge has already indicated a major pitfall into which we may yet plunge. For the pragmatism which, as he explains, has developed and to a large extent supplanted Lockeanism among our great corporations, national and multinational, i.e., the belief that what works is good, *ergo* the end justifies the means—that pragmatism can and does lead to malevolence. Prof. Neil Chamberlain put it quite bluntly, for in answer to the question as to what the large corporations could do about our social problems, his answer was that they can do "remarkably little." But neither author has dealt with the distortion and corruption of American thinking, ideals and values which the corporations have fostered. Those innocent educational plans of the national advertisers and the NAM are only part of the conscious violence done to the minds of our people. The vicious assault upon the very mild indicative planning proposals of the Humphrey-Javits bill demonstrates the technique of befuddlement and obloquy employed when even the gentlest brake upon the burgeoning empire of the global corporations is suggested.

While Professor Lodge pegs his analysis of the influences which shaped American ideology chiefly upon John Locke, he cannot be accused of oversimplifying his argument. For this is a book on a grand scale, a world overview from a special and original vantage point. The fact is, also, that Locke is one of the great philosophers of the Western world. Berkeley and Hume derive from him.

MALLORCA

What a green calm sea!
Safe is the soft water for sails,
a bay round as the moon.
Then at night the palms grow huge,
their blue-black leaves winged like hunting birds,
necks bent in dream.
The wind is dark
and smells of orange and lemon trees,
goats, black pigs, barns
and the bodies of witches.
These hags, nesting in the leaves,
crouch until dawn.
Their breath all about me is like sleep.

Jane Hayman

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His influence on Rousseau is demonstrated by the very title of the latter's famous work, *Du Contrat social*. For Robert Nisbet, in his *Twilight of Authority*, Rousseau is one of the malign influences promoting the ideas of equality and equalitarianism. Locke, Hume and Rousseau were guides to the founding fathers, but Locke preceded them all and so was truly the progenitor. What Lodge has demonstrated is how what was, for its time, an advanced and humanistic philosophy, has become corrupted into the brutish power of the corporate world—a transfiguration in which Locke has been merged into Hobbes, to put the matter in Wall Street terms. □

CRIMES

The fuchsia bushes
their three-tongued bells gone
north
nod now on thin brainstems
shake like humiliated hands.

As we decided which bird to kill
she backed
off from the others
ran
one eye over her wing
and easily trapped.

The neck bent then
like the bushes—
perpetual observers,
watching me
as carefully as I watch
them, as carefully
as fire.

And why is it the small sound
after the explosion
is what devastates?
Why the slender bone
the most wicked?

Deborah Tall

Right Now Nothing Is Cooking

READING MYSELF AND OTHERS. *By Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 270 pp. $8.95.*

PETER APPLEBOME

It is a rare writer who is his own best critic, especially after he has been cuffed around as much as Philip Roth. The urge to right imagined wrongs lessens the possibility of adding anything very profound to what one has produced in the way of fiction. And if that is a risk for most writers, it is a virtual siren's call for a writer as widely praised, damned, and turned into a literary celebrity as Roth. He is acutely aware of each of the guises in which he has been depicted, and acutely uncomfortable with them all. In *Reading Myself and Others*, he sets out to adjust the scales of justice. It is a balancing act that is not really worth the effort, one that his fiction does not particularly lend itself to, and one that takes more dexterity than he can muster.

As the title indicates, *Reading Myself and Others* is really two books, and it should come as no surprise that had Roth stuck to reading others and writing about them he would have come up with a better book. Roth on himself can be dreadful. He ranges from stultifying solemnity to obsessive querulousness, either viewing his books with the Olympian detachment of the great artist gazing at his handiwork or tilting with those who have taken issue with his fiction. Reading others, most notably Bernard Malamud and Saul Bellow, Roth is both witty and consistently interesting. In fact, his criticism of others does a far better job of putting his own fiction in perspective than does his earnest discussion of it.

One need not be cynical to suggest that *Reading Myself and Others* does not reflect the working of winged inspiration. In a 1974 interview with Joyce Carol Oates, conducted after the completion of his most recent novel, *My Life as a Man*, Roth says that he is temporarily without a new direction for his fiction.

> Right now nothing is cooking: at least none of the aromas have as yet reached me. For the moment this isn't distressing; I feel (again for the moment) as though I've reached a natural break of sorts in my work, nothing nagging to be finished, nothing as yet pressing to be begun.

Apparently, while waiting for the aromas to reach him, Roth improved the occasion to take stock of himself and at the same time get something into print by throwing together the essays in his book. The pieces range from literary criticism to political satire; much of the contents appears to have been thrown in to fatten an otherwise slim volume. Thus we find some dated satire, a piece of minimal interest written for the Arts and Leisure Section of the *New York Times* prior to the opening of a dramatization of three stories from *Goodbye, Columbus*, and other odds and ends that were not begging to be reprinted.

Roughly the first half of the book is taken up with Roth on Roth, and it's hard to believe that so lively and talented a writer could present himself in so desiccated a fashion. Most of the material in this section is in the form of interviews conducted by other writers or by Roth, and they serve, like a black and white photograph of a rainbow, to give an idea of what his fiction is about without conveying any of its vitality.

Roth's fiction has been dominated by a conflict that is never fully resolved—between the man of civility, reason, restraint and intellect on the one hand, and the man of instinct and sensuality on the other. That conflict is mirrored in *Reading Myself and Others* on two different levels, one literary and the other cultural. On the one hand, Roth brings up Philip Rahv's 1939 essay on palefaces and redskins in which Rahv divided American writers into those two categories. The paleface, representing the "thin, solemn, semi-clerical culture of Boston and Concord," is the literary tradition of which Henry James is a representative. The redskin is the novelist of experience rather than scruple, the representative of "the lowlife world of the frontier and the big cities." In short, Hemingway or Dreiser or Mark Twain. When he isn't pondering what kind of writer he is in terms such as these, Roth is preoccupied with exploring what kind of Jew he is—the professor of English who lectures at the University of Pennsylvania or the writer of books about Jews who masturbate in the back of busses.

Roth's bitterest critics would have to give him credit for taking literary risks: complacency has never characterized his fiction. Unlike some of those about whom he writes—Malamud and Bellow, for example—his fiction has been more a series of hypotheses than of coherent statements. But reading himself, Roth feels obliged to fill in the hidden side of each work. While wanting us to recognize that *The Great American Novel* was a special achievement because it was so thoroughly playful, he doesn't want us to forget its significance in terms of the "demythologization" of the 1960s. He tries to let us know that he is both paleface and redskin, Henny Youngman (an inspiration of sorts, he says) and Henry James.

Roth identifies himself as a redface, but he is bothered by the fact that it is

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his most obstreperously redskin qualities for which he is best known. Writing about himself, he is not so much exploring his fiction as defending his flanks. It is as if Alexander Portnoy were to come onstage wearing tails, and try to persuade the world of his mannerliness and poise. Roth's position in this book is primarily defensive, and he tells us more about the thinness of his skin than the depth of his fiction.

When Roth forgets himself and writes about others his book comes alive, and the last three chapters in that section are very good indeed. Anatole France wrote, "The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." Dross as well as masterpieces may support good criticism, but in either case it is doubtful that Anatole France was thinking of a novelist who was narrating the adventures of his soul among his own novels. Besides his gifts as a stylist, Roth's greatest virtues as a writer are his eye for significant detail and his insight into character. Those virtues get lost in the self-justifications of the first part of the book, but he shows them to good effect in what he writes about other writers.

The highlight of the book is an essay on American Jewish writers entitled "Imagining Jews." In it, Roth depicts a moral landscape of Jewish fiction that is at once admirable and suffocating, in which Jews such as Bellow's Artur Sammler or Malamud's Morris Bober are suffering saints. In a sense, he sees modern Jewish literature as a restaging of the paleface-redskin relation, only this time the adversaries are the paleface Jews versus the redskin goyim. Writing about *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth says things such as, "So I wasn't after verisimilitude here; I wanted to raise obscenity to the level of a subject." Writing about Bellow and Malamud and the heroes they imagine, he portrays Jews whose only excess is the excess desire to be good, against which a book such as *Portnoy's Complaint* becomes more than a successful cartoon. Although it is questionable whether Roth has ever written a book of sufficient depth to counterbalance the oppressive stereotypes he evokes, "Imagining Jews" is a persuasive plea for making the attempt.

Another noteworthy essay is the sketch of Franz Kafka entitled, "I Always Wanted You to Admire My Fasting, or Looking at Kafka." After examining the author's last years in Prague, Roth appends a fantasy in which Kafka, or Dr. Kishka as his unappreciative students call him, has lived to escape from Nazi Germany and finds himself teaching *aleph-*

"One of the most important books published in our American times"*

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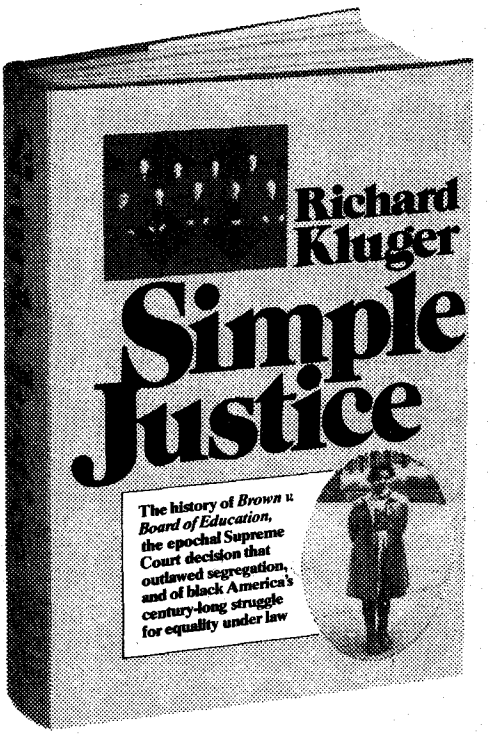
Anthony Lewis of the New York Times says: "A remarkable book, moving and intellectually rich, mixing scholarship and humanity as it explores the modern Supreme Court's most important decision."

*"A major accomplishment both as scholarship and journalism. It also serves the name of literature."
—Larry Swindell, Philadelphia Inquirer


Richard Kluger
Simple Justice
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—Richard Todd, Atlantic Monthly

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bet to young Philip Roth in a Newark Sunday school. It is redskin writing at its best, humane and very funny.

If Roth had been able to keep that sense of humor while writing about his own fiction, his advertisements for himself would have been a good deal more palatable. It will be interesting to see in twenty years time if this book seems like a pause in midstream by an outstanding writer or the small conceit of a talented but quite minor one. □

Going Counter to the 'Scholards'

THE EMBODIMENT OF KNOWLEDGE. *By William Carlos Williams. Edited by Ron Loewinsohn. New Directions. 198 pp. $18.75.*

LINDA WAGNER

Take one of America's most original poets. Give him two sons whose education, naturally, concerns him. Put him in the position of being almost universally ignored by the academicians of the 1920s (while Eliot's *The Waste Land* was acclaimed, as were the poems of Conrad Aiken and Archibald MacLeish). Then his writing this series of essays on education as a means to humane knowledge becomes understandable.

In 1928, when he began the essays that would make up *The Embodiment of Knowledge*, Williams had already devoted twenty years of his life to writing poems that he was sure people—real people, common people—could understand. He was 40 years old. Yet the "authorities" in his "field" (both words he abhorred) condemned his free-form, American-sounding poems because they did not use either a proper language (British English) or proper forms (sonnet, villanelle, something recognizable). In these related essays, Williams refrains from personal complaints, choosing instead to try to explain what kind of educational utopia might create the atmosphere needed for original native work.

Sounding a little like John Dewey, with whose ideas he was familiar, Williams insists that "only the human exists." We must leave the artificial barriers of "field" (philosophy, biology, literature) and be willing to cross lines, to begin as beginners in new areas, always trying to equip ourselves to understand the whole person. (As the editor of this volume points out, Williams anticipated Jean Piaget by forty years.)

Patterns, strictures, categories are meaningless if they only hamper learning. Education must center on the individual, must meet his needs, must develop as he develops. The "scholards," to use Williams's word, who control most educational philosophy (he was writing in 1928) have systematized learning to the point of meaninglessness; the best students might well choose to leave the formal system behind, and find that they can learn better on their own.

There is also a heavy sprinkling of William James's radical empiricism in *The Embodiment of Knowledge*. "The mind cannot have to do with what lies beyond its sphere," William says, partaking of the modern fascination with the concrete, the tactile, the "real." Whether we read T.E. Hulme or Henri Bergson, we are struck by the importance of the concept of image, of pictorial presentation instead of abstract talk. And so the art world gave us Sheeler, Marin, Steiglitz; Williams gave us plums, sea elephants, wheelbarrows; Hemingway gave us scenes, made concrete through images (the lunchroom of "The Killers," the cat in the rain, bullfighters); Eisenstein gave us montages of executions, maggoty bread, faces of the palace guard—20th-century art became a riot of concrete and often nonverbal experience.

Gradually, readers and viewers learned to understand, or at least to accept, this tactile art that would not "explain itself" in other words. But, Williams complains, with no thanks to America's formal educational system. In 1928 he sees the schools pitting science against the humanities and philosophy against poetry, rather than teaching them to be interrelated since each would be stronger—as he asserts—for being fed by the other disciplines. He returns repeatedly to Shakespeare as an example of the truly educated man, able to create so vividly because he did see relationships, and because he valued the impact of language as language.

When he arrives at the question of language, Williams takes charge. The poet, who loves words, who wants to make things of them, can speak best about the modern quandary:

> With worn and broken words we are trying to do the same that men with new, sharp-edged words have done before. That is why the best minds of our century—some of them—are bent first on inventing a new language—and how they are hated for it.

His plea for a genuinely American language—expressed through the next forty years—begins here. Only through rhythms and diction that people understand can they be reached, touched. Here again, it is the whole person that Williams wants to educate, to involve in the continuing process that learning must be. As soon as we negate the new, we stop progress. As soon as we codify, we die.

And Williams was the poet of life and joy. He wanted the best for "his townspeople," those New Jersey personae he so often drew in his stories and poems; he was not above writing these essays in the hope that they would reach some of them or people like them. In 1975, the ideas may be no longer radical, but Williams's manner of expressing them is certainly rewarding. What other treatise on education would use this illustration:

> Pasteur played around in stale beer.
> Not very promising material, what?

Ron Loewinsohn's introduction and notes are valuable, and New Directions is wise to have brought out the collection, rather than leaving it, unpublished, for only the dedicated Williams "scholards" to peruse in libraries. □

Linda Wagner is a poet, critic and editor who teaches English at Michigan State University.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I wish I knew when Philip Hayes Dean wrote *Every Night When the Sun Goes Down* (American Place Theatre). My guess is that it antedates *Freeman*, which I consider Dean's best play thus far. *Freeman* conveyed its meaning within well-defined bounds of precise observation. What is sound in *Every Night When the Sun Goes Down* is the same sort of realism, especially notable in its language; what worries me is the ambiguity of its meaning and still another factor which I will mention later.

In both instances the intent points not only to the depiction of certain kinds of black folk and milieus but to a "correction" of their own attitudes toward their ethnicity. While doing this, Dean also seems motivated by a desire to alter the reaction of audiences, black as well as white, to the picture we often

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get of the black ghetto environment. There is a certain complacency in the enjoyment many audiences take from a view of the disorder, grime, vice and vivid fecklessness in these places, as if such a state was not merely inevitable but somehow charming, funny and enviably down to earth! Dean realizes the error and delusion in this and hopes to make the kind of people he writes about "shape up," literally to reform themselves so that audiences may consider his characters (as a group) in a less indulgent, passively entertained fashion. And he desires, moreover, that such reformation come from within the black community through its own efforts.

The time in *Every Night When the Sun Goes Down* is the recent past; the place a run-down hotel called the Wasteside Inn in a small industrial city near Detroit. The inn is in the center of a black neighborhood called the Square, and the inn's bar, the Blue Room, is where the play's characters gather. They make a sorry group, each member of which has his or her own story and all of whom are marked by some affliction or sin. A prostitute lives with a dope peddler and addict. An elderly woman hurled lye at her betrayer and in the act blinded one of her own eyes. Still another character is a dancer who killed her baby because it was born permanently crippled; most important is her "man" Blood, the child's father, who has just returned from a long stretch in prison. Blood formerly ran the Blue Room and led the various racketeers of the vicinity who trafficked in dope, pimping and numbers.

We suppose at first that Blood has returned to reclaim his position, power and property and to renew his life with his almost white dancer-consort (her near whiteness is another source of suffering). But no! In prison Blood encountered a Brother Joe who became a prophet to him. The enlightenment Brother Joe brought about, we learn in the play's climactic scene, impels Blood to destroy the inn, its Blue Room and all the malefactors of the Square. Blood has become chief of the "Gorgons," who clean out the Square by murderous violence. The drug racketeer, for example, has his head cut off and delivered to the Blue Room in a duffle bag! And, finally, Blood persuades everyone in the hotel, including its present owner, to burn it down in a passion of horror and disgust with their infected past.

This consummation is hardly convincing as realism; it is even more troubling as symbol. It suggests that the surest remedy for social corruption or the prevalence of personal evil is to resort to inspired vigilantism. Dean cannot really mean this: at most what is implied is that ultimately such self-purgation must occur. But even this explanation of the play's "message" is uncertain because we hear Blood inveigh at length against the eating of "swine" which is an allusion to a dietetic Muslim proscription. Is it possible then that Dean sometime in the past was under such influence?

Much of the play is entertaining in precisely the way Dean opposes, but it is just in these moments of "entertainment" that it is most believable. When the play turns to symbolism—a story is told about deaf and dumb black twin brothers who one day danced together and then cut each other to pieces—it begins to turn us off. But for the most part, despite this and other faults, such as a clutter of tragic details, the play holds one's interest. This in large part is due to the cast, which acts the play with gusto and fiery dedication and is well directed by Gilbert Moses.

To give "importance" to Israel Horovitz's *The Primary English Class* (Circle in the Square: 159 Bleecker Street) one may say that it is a droll parable about the difficulties of communication in the present-day Tower of Babel, which is our world, and the stupidity of our educational attempts to make ourselves understood by non-Americans. But such an interpretation is unnecessary, not to say foolish. It is all a joke and for thirty minutes it is funny. The trouble is that it goes on for more than an hour.

A sweet young thing of a teacher undertakes her first class in the instruction of English to foreigners. She herself is totally ignorant of any foreign language, and her five adult pupils all speak different languages: Italian, French, German, Chinese and Japanese, and none of them has the slightest inkling of what language the other is speaking. (Even the school janitor speaks nothing but Polish.) This, to begin with, is a patently absurd situation. But no matter: a number of laughable changes are rung on it.

The cast is good, the direction adept. Diane Keaton is apple-blossom pretty and acts beguilingly within the limitations of her silly part. But the "star" performance of the evening, in the role of a little old Chinese lady, is Lori Tan Chinn. Young herself, she uses her body as if there were no bones in it and pipes her voice to a poignancy of timbre which has in it both boundless humor and acute protest.

Though *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Bernard Shaw's third play (1894), is by no means one of his best and though the production at the Vivian Beaumont has its faults, it is still the finest thing in town.

When it was first presented in New York in 1905, its producer and leading lady were arrested through the agency of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Though they were acquitted, all the critics but one denounced the play as an offense to morals. What shocked them was not alone that Mrs. Warren had had a daughter, Vivie, offspring of a momentary affair; that she had become part-owner and manager of a string of brothels on the Continent; that a clergyman was Vivie's father, and that the possibility of a marriage to her half-brother appears to be calmly contemplated. They were more especially offended because a rationalization is found for prostitution: the show equates "high-class" procuring with capitalist business transactions in general.

If taken as seriously as they should be, these facts and allegations are more than relevant; they are topical. When Sir George Crofts, Mrs. Warren's backer and partner, explains that their business is not very different from others of a presumably more respectable nature, that such is the world and we are in and of it, the audience today applauds

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and laughs because the perfidy of the thesis has now become not only commonplace but a contemporary circumstance as exemplified by current events in government, politics and commerce.

Though implemented within a realistic mold, this comedy is ideational: the characters represent recognizable social types rather than flesh-and-blood individuals, just as the figures in fairy tales bear only a representational relation to reality, and thus remain "true to life" though we do not think of them as actual people. This effect may be less apparent in Shaw's later work in which he found his own original and essentially stylized vein, a sort of puppet-show poetry of ideological import. *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, however, is not written in the free or "loose" manner of such a play as *Heartbreak House* but according to the tight construction of Ibsen's dramaturgy. For this reason the plot in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* has to be tied together or conclusively completed in Act IV, though the play's essential substance has been finally rendered by the end of Act III. That is one reason why the fourth act seems weak in its last moments.

What keeps the play fresh, apart from its application to the immediate condition in our society, is its wit. It does not consist in Shaw's being "funny"; his wit flows from a shining intelligence which illuminates everything he treats. Its effect is tonic. There is something clean, clear, crisp and generous in it without a trace of malice. It does not amuse as much as it enlightens. It awakens, it gladdens us and imparts a sense of our mind's renewal.

Gerald Freedman has directed the play with scrupulous understanding and the production is in most respects one of the more accomplished to have been staged of late at Lincoln Center. The chief faults stem from lack of the kind of unity which only a well-rounded permanent company can give. The outstanding performance is that of Lynn Redgrave who, always delightful, has developed into a truly excellent actress. There is a health of fiber in her, a forceful decency, a simple technical proficiency which makes her Vivie an adornment worthy of the play's quality.

For mainly physical reasons, Ruth Gordon cannot play Mrs. Warren with all the commanding persuasiveness which might be brought to the part. This is especially evident at the end, which needs the prod of high power. But there is a spunkiness in Ruth Gordon, a penetrating puncture of plain forthrightness, a cannily mischievous independence which might have surprised and startled Shaw but would not have displeased him. If this Mrs. Warren doesn't match her daughter in verbal distinction or in emotional sweep and hauteur—well they have lived all their time in different ways and places!

Edward Herrmann is good as Vivie's bright, no-account half-brother and—but space does not permit me to cover all aspects of the script or the performances. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

Be advised, all revolutionaries of the 1970s. If Joshua had fit the battle of Jericho at the FBI building, he would have lost, and if student incendiaries, radical fringers, or anti-Vietnam descendants storm the new fortress, they will fall back like tin knights before a castle.

Moated, gated, sealed-off like a feudal encampment on Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, J. Edgar Hoover's architectural legacy has succumbed to no softening this winter. Despite the latest tree pits and lampposts, it remains the Architecture of Counterinsurgency. The attempt to humanize the formidable streetscape only makes its enormities more immense: the grove of trees fronting the avenue accentuates its barrenness, in the same way that Di Chirico's happy hoop-rolling child makes the façades of Rome still eerier.

And yet the power of self-delusion is such that the C.F. Murphy Associates, the business-blessed Chicago designer of this police-state stronghold, can boast as follows:

> The original planning was based on an austere eight-story block-type construction. A reordering of government priorities during the early design stages placed strong emphasis on revitalizing Pennsylvania Avenue as the symbolic link between the White House and the Capitol. . . . Dignity, monumentality and a "character appropriate to the National Ceremonial Avenue" as well as an increase of 50 feet in the setback from Pennsylvania Avenue to conform with revised plans for the avenue, became important design objectives.

The structure emerged, seven stories on the front, eleven on the back; but obviously, the architect didn't ask himself whether it worked.

On the larger scale, it has been a bit hard for some to condemn this structure as more than another exaggeration of overblown and arrogant government architecture everywhere in this town. Washington, the gray, seems yet grayer in February and, with a few exceptions (John Carl Warnecke's brick buildings at Lafayette Park and perhaps The Architects Collaborative's AIA headquarters) there is little to distinguish one new Washington cubbyhole-in-concrete from another. Despite the city's saving graces—trees, a 110-foot ceiling on buildings, and the vestiges of L'Enfant's plan—the new Washington is boring. The monotony of the stone buildings, though, like the monotony of bureaucracy itself, seems an act of nature, inherent in the system and impervious to human intervention.

Thus, some who've commented on the FBI's $126-million, 2.5-million square-foot structure have delighted in its symbolic grossness, on the theory that a nation gets the kind of architecture it deserves, even as it gets the kind of government. (Since Watergate, only the most Calvinistic are heard to utter that statement quite so loudly.) The building is enjoyed perversely as a physical display of the aspirations of the late great anti-crime empire builder for whom it is named. There it all hangs out, a bunker: protest-proof, inviolable, totally inhospitable to street life of any sort. Yet those who dismiss the building so blithely as another in the Washington tradition, whereby a young nation sought to appear grand by building big and authentic by building "old," have not looked beyond the blandly bureaucratic windows that blink out the message of a skillful set of lab workers; have not absorbed the brutality of the scale, the shape of the chilling interior.

The visual metaphor is certainly one of a republic on the brink of disaster and threatened by urban invaders on every side. There is the plaza that would accommodate tanks three abreast; the overhang ready to hold guns; the ramps that cross a moat at the side, and the iron gate to clang down before a cold trapezoidal courtyard (to cordon off the prisoners?). "Vitality" is the architects' word; crowd-control is the FBI description of the courtyard space.

The Disney folk were hired to handle the show business for these crowds, one hears, but even their elves couldn't trick out the interior into a crowd-pleasing place. "Take a right past the fifth marble planter," a guard tells you in the spooky space. His words suggest that the entryway would be otherwise invisible and unwelcoming, and that there are indeed no discernible landmarks to show you the way within beyond the digits of your own hand. His instructions and this cage-like, surrealistic space prepare you well for the interior's monochromatic *Darkness at Noon* décor where even the most innocent feel about to be incarcerated for their sins against the state. "A great stone building like the grandilo-

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UNTHINKABLE

Cinderella. Pity
her stepmother. All
she wanted was
princes for her lumpkin
daughters. Enough
wealth to make ugly
bearable. Means to be
lazy, maybe
a little fat

when

Wands and wishes
pumpkin carriages
vitreous slippers
cheated her, she knew
those were the rules

it was

Beauty's juggernaut
she could never
understand

John Kolars

quent boast of weak men," Graham Greene once wrote. "Inside that massive frame the human being rattled like a dry kernel. No one could have been adequate to so rhetorical a construction." So one feels, in Hoover's tomb.

What brooding corridors these are with their dark-tinted windows and bronze-toned trim, their white walls and floors. Despite the colorful Bonnie-and-Clyde yarns to be told here, and the science-on-the-march spirit of this "modern facility," the exhibits are so steely black and chrome, the walls so pale, the environment so bleak and colorless that even the woody firearms collection looks cozy.

I suppose one should give points to a design that allows the workaday world of agents and the once-only tour to move unimpeded by each other, and admittedly, someone who blanches when an agent riddles a paper body with bullets and then hands it—with a fetching Dr. Strangelove smile—to the smallest male in the audience, might have some advance prejudices against the architecture which encases the scene.

When a museum (the Hirshhorn) can pour gallons of concrete into a bunker shape in the name of art, you should not expect much better from the FBI. However, it is not just that this structure is inhumane in its remove from the street; that has parallels. Nor is it that muscle-flexing and national grandiloquence are always artistic outrages (visit Kyoto, Leningrad, Byzantium, Venice and like imperial monuments). It is here that a blend of hostility and banality comes to its logical end; here that autocratic grandness grows so oppressive that a view of McDonald's through these dim windows brings relief; here that we face the ultimate question: what kind of government will latter-day archaeologists deduce from a place whose new buildings are so wall-like and embattled? As Wolf von Eckardt said of the Watergate apartment complex, "it was clear to many thoughtful people in Washington that nothing good could come from such forbidding architecture."

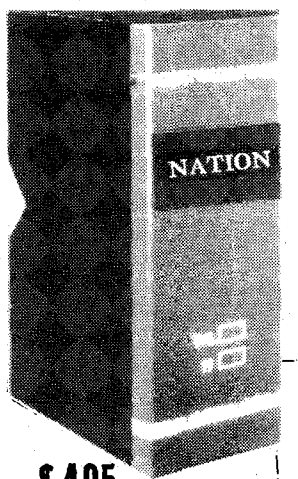
"When I first came to the Federal Architecture Project, all anybody asked me about was the Kennedy Center," says Lois Craig, recalling the tirades against Edward Durrell Stone's pasteboard theatre for the performing arts. Now, she moans, it's the FBI. Such design offenses remain beyond the scope of her architectural improvement agency, but not beyond the deeper mission of its consciousness-raising. With "a small staff, a small budget and more work than we can handle," the four-year-old arm of the National Endowment for the Arts has tried to leaven the bureaucratic blandness with some yeast of design, and to improve the general level of federal architecture.

One of several programs to upgrade design (for instance, a graphic improvement program has led to the redesign of Congressional documents), the Federal Architecture Project began by alerting those who read its solid reports to the scope of federal architecture: $83 billion worth, the report said in 1972, adding $1 billion a year; 400,000 structures from fish hatcheries to embassies, park shelters to post offices, army bases to bureaus beyond counting; all those lobbies, plazas, corridors of a society that is more than a paper world. "There are many kinds of federal architecture at different scale," staff director Craig reminds those who'll listen. And, beyond these government buildings, there are the government policies (mortgages, highways, housing) that have, as she says, "a spatial impact."

One manifesto to emerge from the project's interest in that spatial impact will be a history of federal architecture due late this spring. It runs from houses to forts, from the Capitol to canals, dealing with the spatial consequences of railroad grants and depression funds, as well as the more abstract spirit of succeeding eras—manifest in, say, Manifest Destiny. ("Let us conquer space," it quotes Calhoun.)

The work of the Federal Architecture Project is overt and covert. "I don't think there is any way to measure it all," says Craig. Working out of a Washington townhouse furnished with second-hand Knoll chairs and a blueprint of Independence Hall, the small staff has planned formal Design Assemblies and invited federal officials for informal chats. "You don't change bureaucracies by issuing orders," staffer Robert Peck insists. "By being flexible you can respond to a lot more." So far, the small agency has produced three major documents: the one charting federal architecture, a second on multiple-use facilities (the commercial and recreational activities set into government buildings to make them more than 9-to-5 places), and adaptive uses of old buildings. Wherever it can, it strives to raise the level of design, staging a competition for border stations or consulting with its impressive task force of private architects.

The project members see their work as educational or advisory, "not prescriptive"; behind the scenes as much as up front (the recent Buckley bill on mixed uses). "I think



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they use our homework," says Craig. Others describe their galvanizing efforts as a bit more direct.

"The very term 'public building' has become a contradiction," they quote historian J.B. Jackson. "No one in his right mind now goes into a public building except on business." The project aims to ameliorate that by, in Peck's words, "a more socially responsible federal architecture."

"Government building," Craig returns to the FBI fortress, "is not different from private building; it's no worse than many institutions." She is right. The house of Hoover isn't just a sign of the inhumanity of government but of the inhumanity of architecture. And that takes more than high-minded dictates to repair. "You can't legislate architecture," says Craig. "We cannot make good design. We can only make a more favorable public-policy climate." □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

LISZT: *Transcendental Etudes; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3; Spanish Rhapsody*. Lazar Berman, piano. Columbia/Melodiya M2 33928. $13.96 (two discs).

LISZT: Sonata in B minor; *Venezia e Napoli*; *Mephisto Waltz No. 1*. Lazar Berman, piano. Columbia/Melodiya M 33927. $6.98.

PROKOFIEV: Sonata No. 8. RACHMANINOFF: *Moments musicaux*, Op. 16. Lazar Berman, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 678. $7.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor. Lazar Berman, piano. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 677. $7.98.

From Anton Rubinstein in 1872 to Emil Gilels in 1956 and Sviatoslav Richter in 1960, American concert promoters have repeatedly sought a star in the East, that audiences might come to worship. This year's nova has been Lazar Berman, 45 years old, until lately unheralded despite a cryptic and now much-cited twenty-year-old quote from Gilels himself: "The phenomenon of the music world." It all happened so quickly that the record companies barely managed to get something into the stores on time. (The Columbia discs are from Russian tapes, evidently not very recent; the better-sounding Deutsche Grammophons were made last year in Germany.)

I heard one of Berman's New York recitals (February 9, at the 92nd Street "Y"), devoted to Liszt (pieces from the *Années de Pélerinage*) and the Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff works recorded for DG—an initial disappointment, for the originally announced program had listed Schumann and Scriabin sonatas, promising a somewhat wider perspective on the man's interpretive scope. What is clear enough, from the recital and the recordings, is that he can play a lot of piano, in the digital sense—and that the resulting performances have more to do with what Berman can achieve tonally than with the particular works he is playing.

Which is not to say that he makes everything sound the same—far from it. Berman realizes about as wide a range of textures and colors as any pianist going, and there is undeniable pleasure to be had from the evenness and consistency of his playing—heard at its most impressive and relevant in the Rachmaninoff *morceaux*, presumably designed for precisely this kind of display (too, this disc offers the most pleasing and accurate registration of his "live" tone). The Prokofiev sonata, on the other hand, offers rather fewer such opportunities, and the pianist seemed to be playing it from a sense of obligation (it is a piece to which I listen only in the same sense). As for the Tchaikovsky concerto, it's certainly a more than competent performance, with some elegant playing and the usual chrome-plated Karajan accompaniment casting a pall of imperturbability equally over the work's vulgarity and its poetry.

The Liszt recordings raise more interesting questions, especially the *Transcendental Etudes*. As Leslie Gerber's pertinent annotations suggest, these twelve pieces were evidently intended for performance as a unit; they outline a clear sequence of keys, and the first piece (*Preludio*, in C major) will not stand alone. In fact, it can be played much more like a question mark than the proclamation Berman makes of it; by emphasizing the bass line and underlining more specifically the harmonic elements pointing toward A minor and F major (not coincidentally, the keys of the next two études), the force of the cadential movement can be significantly and interestingly weakened—as Russell Sherman does in his recent recording (Advent cassette D 1010, unfortunately not available in disc form).

Throughout the *Etudes*, in fact, Sherman makes a fascinating contrast with Berman, for he is continually shaping phrases and harmonic progressions, whereas the Russian is weaving seamless tonal fabrics and creating excitement by galloping all over the keyboard while maintaining fast, rather strict tempos. Berman plays for the contrasts, Sherman for the coherence—and if the latter generates less excitement on the surface, he eventually reveals the music in much greater breadth and depth. Few pianists, indeed, combine the virtues of both these approaches; among these études, I particularly treasure recordings by Petri of *Ricordanza* (on EMI/Odeon HQM 1112) and by Richter of *Feux-Follets* and *Harmonies du Soir* (Columbia ML 5396, deleted)—the last of these remarkable in that, although faster than Berman's performance (and his, in turn, are consistently faster than Sherman's, by the very nature of their respective approaches), it seems only more concentrated, more intense. Even lacking the coruscant virtuosity of those older pianists, however, Sherman's performances tell us more about Liszt; they occupy the heart and mind as well as titillate the ears.

This is an old argument, and I don't suppose the piano cult will be dissuaded from its preference for the obvious (and by no means entirely irrelevant) attractions of Berman's type of playing. It would be regrettable, however, if other listeners were to dismiss Liszt's music on the basis of such performances—there is a lot more to it than they reveal. □

FIDO

A dog is lost.
Its owner's voice
and whistle warp
the dark. I might as well

have been alone
forever, on the listen
side of doors and windows.
I can see the woman

in the glass, her head
tilted to yell, her hair
a conference of light.
I see the black toad telephone

crouch by her in its knot
of quiet, curling
the unsevered cord.
She waits for her name

to be called or out
of an anger of insulated
wires or hair tangle or tongue
hanging out, out

of doubled over,
out of broken glass, to come.

Heather McHugh

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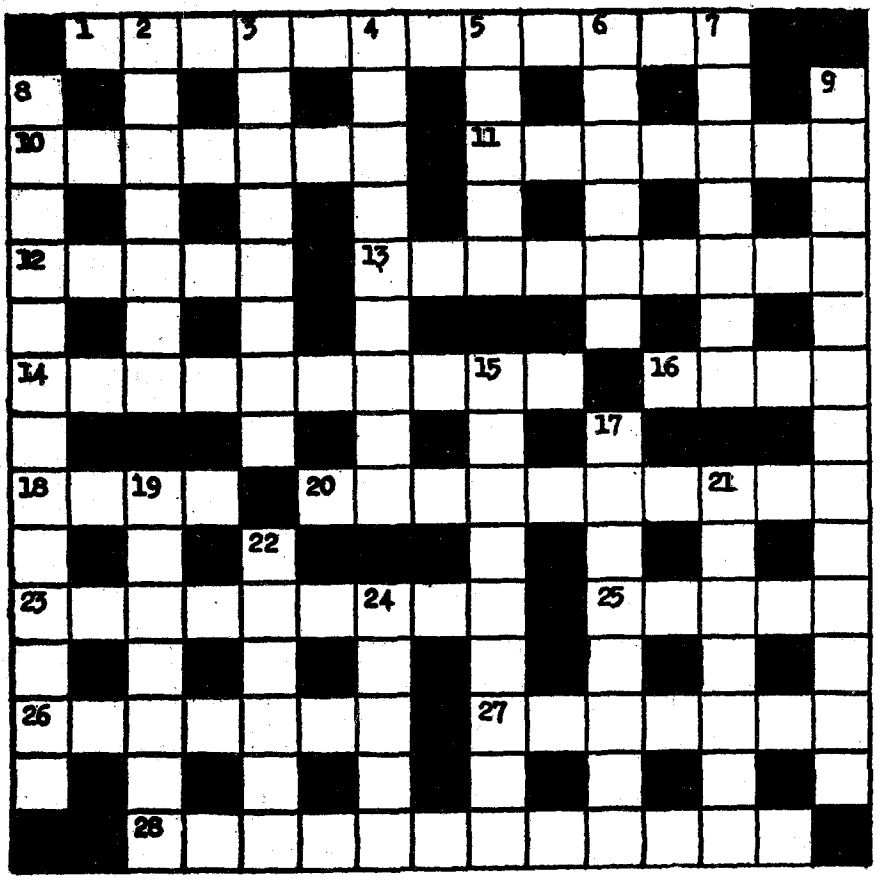
Crossword Puzzle No. 1622

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Evidently one can't find fault with such a bar, but some object to its being broken too close. (5,7)
10 Spears, bits of which are about right. (7)
11 Happened to go overseas for festive drinking? (7)
12 A little over 50, and strangely, still a girl! (5)
13 Devotes a number of days throwing dice inside. (9)
14 Possibly watch the finish line, though it might be dropped on official welcome. (6,4)
16 From the air, a quiet country. (4)
18 Carried away and tied up, by the sound of it. (4)
20 How to make pottery react to art design. (10)
23 The natural product wrought to different shape. (9)
25 See 4 down
26 Interception of light by some body. (7)
27 Wants more in this condition. (7)
28 The days of long ago might be remembered at year's end. (4,4,4)

DOWN

2 Pertaining to the main disturbance CIA once caused. (7)
3 Winks at 6 to make it. (8)
4 and 25 across The first decimal number might be immaterial. (6,3,5)
5 Made a big fuss and pulled the blade, perhaps. (5)
6 A party in a church might be for a very small animal. (6)
7 It might make a bird ready, alternatively, to come up to flower. (7)
8 It could indicate the amount of business a fruiterer does—most likely with a pastry shop. (5,8)
9 What people who like to live near their work might want to be the scene of in-fighting. (5,8)
15 What the guilty might have to take up at that time, upon building a classic example. (9)
17 They effectively keep the boat dry, though a large number might be taken during meals. (8)
19 What might be served with everything upside-down at the joint? (7)
21 It might be the cost of learning how to make out in it. (7)
22 Your writing is somewhat mechanical? Get the lead out! (6)
24 They imply a dealer sometimes does with part of the car. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1621

ACROSS: 1 and 5 After a fashion; 10 Alligator; 11 Evert; 12 Steward; 13 Theater; 14 Sapid; 16 Technical; 18 and 25 The Ides of March; 20 Tales; 22 Cheapen; 24 Lineman; 26 Lasso; 27 Gun-barrel; 28 Dissent; 29 Seethe. DOWN: 2 and 15 False pretenses; 3 England; 4 Antedates; 5 and 23 First night; 6 Shebeen; 7 Identical; 8 and 9 Natural causes; 17 Cufflinks; 18 Tackled; 19 Deplore; 20 Tonnage; 21 Senile.

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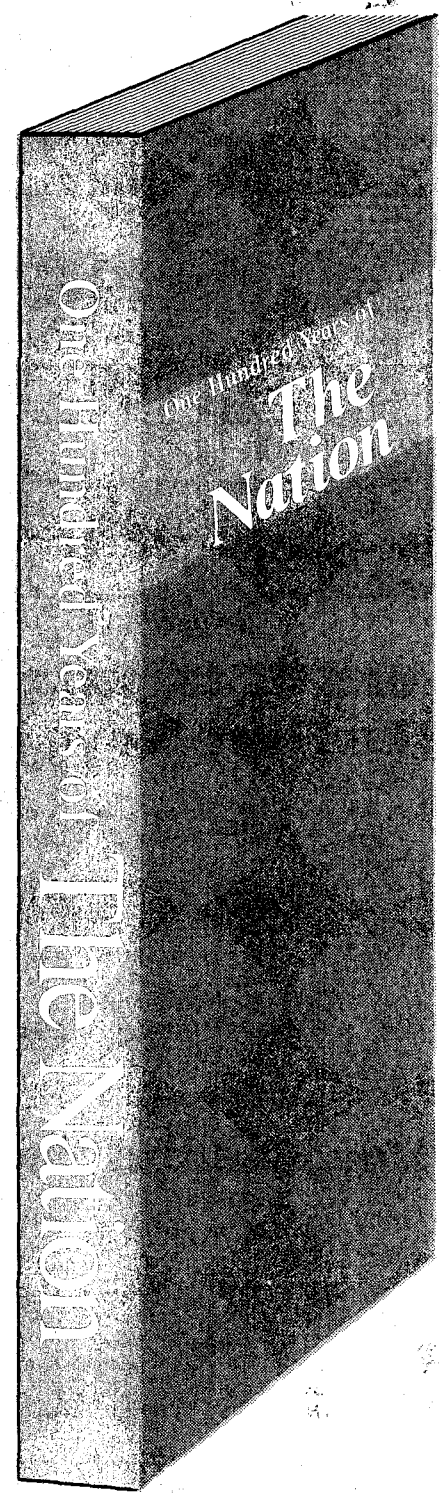

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